


**The Iris
Ward's
1911**



PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
WARD SEMINARY
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE







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As a token of our appreciation and esteem,
we, the class of 1911, gratefully
dedicate The Iris
to
Will Jennings



MISS BELL JENNINGS

The Senior Class of Ward Seminary wishes to
express its sincere appreciation and
gratitude for the interest
shown by
Miss Linnira Goodwin
in the success of
this number of the Ward Iris

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ARCHIBALD MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL	Voice
MABELLE TENNANT	Voice
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To the Juniors

We must say good-by to you, Junior maids,
Though to you we'll e'er be true, Junior maids;
It breaks our heart to leave,
For we know that you will grieve,
And at parting sighs we'll heave, Junior maids.

Ere we go we wish you well, Junior maids;
May good fortune with you dwell, Junior maids;
May your hearts be always glad,
With no P's to make them sad,
And to make your maters mad, Junior maids.

So to you we pledge a toast, Junior maids,
And of you we proudly boast, Junior maids;
Though we can no longer stay,
We will think of you each day,
Though we're many miles away, Junior maids.

As our glasses meet and clink, Junior maids,
As this toast we pledge and drink, Junior maids,
There comes from hearts so true
This fondest wish, that you
May be happy all life through, Junior maids.







Senior Class

Colors: Green and Gold

Flower: Violet

Motto: "Live up to the best that is in you"

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GRACE GAUNT	English Diploma	EMMA BAXTER VAUGHN	English Diploma
MARY GIVENS	Seminary Diploma	LOUISE WITHERSPDON	English Diploma



SADIE ALLEN
English Diploma

Here's to Sadie, who sings all the while;
Her love is distant not more than a mile.



SALLIE BAIN
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Sallie, the Bane of the School;
You all will agree that she's nobody's fool.



GLADYS BAUGHMAN
English Diploma

Here's to Miss Baughman—a student, they say;
Go after it, Gladys, it surely will pay.



IDA CAMP BERRY
English Diploma

Here's to Miss Berry, our fair Ida Camp,
A lover of mischief and known as a scamp.



MARGARET BRANSFORD
English Diploma

Here's to Margaret, so good and so sweet;
Both quiet and modest, she never is fleet.



IRIS BRANDAU
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Iris, with suitors galore;
Never content, she always wants more.



SARAH CARUTHERS
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Sarah, who studies all night,
And never does aught that isn't quite right.



FRANCES CORNELIUS
English Diploma

Here's to Frances, who is fond of the boys,
And ranks them the first of all earthly joys.



WINNIE CRAWFORD
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Miss Crawford—Winnie, the wit.
Is she given to laughter? No, not a bit.



ADA CURTIS
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Miss Curtis, who plays very well;
Perhaps she's an artist—one never can tell.



HAZEL DEAN
English Diploma

Here's to Miss Dean, with bright hazel eyes,
A charming young maiden, both pretty and wise.



ANN FISHER
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Miss Fisher, mischievous Anne.
She spied a teacher—away she ran!



CHARLOTTE FOX
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Charlotte, a Fox—O, so sly!
A genius in science; we all wonder why.



MARY LUCY FUGATE
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Mary Lucy, the girl with a smile;
Winning and sweet, she's a girl worth the while.



FLORENCE GARRETT

Here's to Florence, with eyes of brown;
Many good traits in her we've found.



GRACE GAUNT
English Diploma

Here's then to Grace, the timid, coy maid;
'Tis not of the boys she looks so afraid.



MARY BRANK GIVENS
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Miss Givens, dear Mary Brank;
'Tis agreed by all, she's a girl of some rank.



EVA HAGAN
English Diploma

Here's to Eva, she manages well;
So many good things of her we could tell.



MARIE HARWELL
English Diploma

Here's to Marie, so neat and so trim,
A stylish young girl and always quite prim.



RUSSELL HENDERSON

Here's to gay Russell, right jolly is she,
But a student we fear she never will be.



SUE HOLMES
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Sue, she really paints well,
And ever a joke she's ready to tell.



MILBREY KEITH
English Diploma

Here's to Miss Keith; fair Milbrey we ween
Is the best-looking girl we ever have seen.



MARIE KERR
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Marie, the girl with the airs,
Who never is content with common affairs.



VERA LINCOLN
English Diploma

Here's to Miss Lincoln, a lively young lass,
Who wins the just praises of all of her class.



VIRGINIA LINDSLEY
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Virginia, with locks of fair gold;
Here is a smile that will never grow old.



CATHERINE McKAY
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Catherine from Arkansas State,
Her fame as a poet is glorious and great.



GERTRUDE McSHANE
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Gertrude, who runs everything;
She wears on her finger a big K. A. ring.



CORA PALMER
Seminary Diploma

Here's to Cora, the piano she plays,
She's likely to do it the rest of her days.



JAMIE RODDY
English Diploma

Here's to dear Jamie, who knows 'em all;
We hope she'll make a "hit" at her début ball.



BELLE STROUD

Here's to Miss Stroud, the Belle of the School;
She never was known to break a set rule.



HALLIE TURNER
English Diploma

Here's to Hallie, quiet and sedate;
She'll make her mark, if you will just wait.



SUE TURNER
English Diploma

Here's to Sue, the brightest of girls;
Her highest ambition, to wear lots of curls.



EMMA BAXTER VAUGHN
English Diploma

Here's to Miss Vaughn, sweet Emma B.;
A very fine girl, as you'll all agree.



LOUISE WITHERSPOON
English Diploma

Here's to Louise, her ambition in life
Is cooking and sewing—fine things for a wife.

Graduates in Seminary Course (Advanced)



SUSIE MAI BEASLEY
Ward Diploma



VENITA WEAKLEY
Ward Diploma

From West to East

Time: A bright morning in early June.

Place: The beach at Venice, Cal.

A GROUP of happy children were playing in the warm sand, laughing and romping, when suddenly one called out: "Lady Betty, Lady Betty, please come here!"

"Tell us a story!" cried another. "Come on, come on!"

And the whole party ran to meet a slender young girl who came toward them from the entrance gate of a beautiful villa which overlooked the ocean. The children were not the only ones who saw the graceful figure, but the other observer did not run to meet her. He lay very still in a rolling chair, closely covered with a warm rug—a tall young man, with keen, dark eyes and a very white face.

Every morning the children saw him, and felt very sorry for the big man who could not run and play. They thought he must be very sad and very old, for he was so still; but in reality he was twenty-four, and he would like to have been running and swimming far more than any of his small admirers. Every morning he lay and watched the coming of the radiant-looking young girl who often joined the children in their play. She was about sixteen, slender and graceful, with

clean, gray eyes and short, curling, brown hair. She usually wore a white flannel sailor suit, but sometimes appeared in a blue serge skirt and soft white sweater. He could hear her clear voice calling and see her play with them up and down the beach, running and skipping and seeming to enjoy the games as much as the very youngest child.

The tall young man was a young doctor, who had been very ill with a dreadful attack of rheumatism; and just as he was recovering, a great sorrow had come to him. He had lost his only relative—a sister who was about to graduate. His home seemed so sad, and he missed her so intensely, that he decided to go to Southern California for a few months. The long trip had exhausted him, he was not able to walk, and his sorrow kept him from making friends with the gay young people at Venice. So each day he lay still in the golden sunshine and cared only for the warmth and rest.

But youth craves the companionship of youth; and when he first saw the beautiful, happy-looking young girl, he longed to know her. In some way she seemed to be the embodiment of all the things he needed most—

youth, health, happiness. She was almost seventeen, but seemed a child to the man of twenty-four. He watched for her each day and enjoyed seeing her; especially did he delight in listening to her clear, sweet voice. He noticed that she spoke with a soft Southern accent, and vaguely wondered why it was different from the voices of her small brothers and sisters. He did not try in any way to become acquainted with her, but he heard the children call her "Lady Betty," and he knew the villa belonged to a very wealthy mine owner named "Dabymple."

The days sped along, clear, bright, and invigorating; so when Dr. Wilmington remembered the desolate home in Carolina and thought of how lonely he would be there without Geraldine, he longed to stay in this golden climate forever and forget the gloom of the pine forests and the mists of the mountains. Everything in California charmed him—the deep blue of the ocean, the sheen of the white sand, the glorious vegetation, the gold of the orange groves, and the scarlet of pepper trees—all the warmth and color and life that he craved. And this charming young girl seemed to embody it all. When he was first able to walk a little, and had just decided to seek an introduction to the people of Rose Villa, he missed the children from the beach and saw that the windows and gateways of the villa were closed. He felt suddenly bereft; and although the sun shone just as brightly and the crowd of pleasure seekers seemed just as happy, something was missing, the mysterious charm was broken, and his thoughts turned to his work again. Very soon he was planning

to go to New York, to the course in surgery that he had hoped to take up the winter before, when he had been stricken with his dreadful illness.

Youth and ambition are the great physicians, and pain and grief cannot long withdraw their influences; so we must not be surprised to find our hero quite a different-looking man some three and a half years later. His figure was broader, his face no longer sad and white, but grave with a seriousness of purpose. His smile and sympathetic voice softened the keenness of his dark eyes, and all who knew him loved and admired the successful young surgeon who was winning such fame as a children's doctor. In a tall, gray hospital in New York City, each day his presence and his skill brought hope and comfort to the little sufferers in the lone wards.

One day, as he stepped in the corridor to give some directions to the head nurse, he heard a soft, clear voice reading aloud in one of the private rooms. It was the voice of a nurse, clad in the uniform of the hospital, reading a fairy story to a little cripple. The dim, quiet corridor faded from the doctor's vision, and he saw a stretch of white sand shining in the morning sunlight and heard dimly the musical laughter of a happy-hearted girl. What was it that brought back that scene of the past? He smiled at the memory and passed on.

Two or three days later there was a new case brought in and a special nurse put on duty. The doctor was pleased with her quiet manner, and asked the head nurse her name.

"Miss Leigh, from Virginia," was the answer.

"O, that explains the accent!"

This nurse with the sweet voice was a tall girl, with a wealth of dark, curly hair, worn in heavy braids around her shapely head. She came and went quietly, obeying all the rules of the hospital, but making no friendships with the other nurses. Her small patients were devoted to her, and her leisure hours were very few. When not on duty and wearing the blue-striped uniform, with its small white cap, she was dressed in deep mourning. She had told the directors of the hospital when she applied for the course of training, that her home had been in Virginia; that she had recently lost her mother; that her father had died several years before; and that she had no relatives, save an aunt in the West. She had brought several introductory letters from prominent people in Virginia and her diploma from a Virginia college. Although she was sad and utterly alone, something in her bearing and dignity forbade the nurses and doctors offering her any friendly attractions; and so she was still a stranger to all.

As the days and weeks passed on, Dr. Wilmington began to think of Elizabeth Leigh more and more. He was always listening for her voice, which in some haunting way brought to his mind a vision of Venice, the seacoast town near Los Angeles. The long winter sped away; the days at the hospital were filled with duties—some pleasant, some sad; but, just as the warm days were making changes in the outside world, a change came to Elizabeth. Her aunt, Mrs. Dabymple, with three children, were spending a few weeks

in a mining town where Dr. Dabymple owned large interests. One day he took the three young folks down in one of the new mines to see some machinery installed. There was a frightful explosion, and all four were killed. Mrs. Dabymple was utterly prostrated with grief and horror, and the first expression she made after the days of unconsciousness was the wish for the presence of her niece, Elizabeth Leigh.

"O, Lady Betty, Lady Betty, come to me! You are all I have left in the whole world!"

The physicians and nurses who were caring for her telegraphed immediately to Elizabeth Leigh to lose no time in coming, as her aunt's life and reason hung by a thread. This was certainly a shock to Elizabeth, but she lost no time in explaining to the hospital directors that her just duty was to go to her aunt. In a few hours the big, dark doors of St. Luke's Hospital closed forever behind the gentle nurse who had brought so much comfort and pleasure to the little sufferers within.

Several days later, Dr. Wilmington missed Miss Leigh and asked about her. He was told very briefly that she had left for good, giving up her training course to devote her life to a stricken aunt. For a minute he was a little dazed by the news, and then it came into his mind how intensely he would miss the presence of this sympathetic assistant. Why, he scarcely knew her! Why should her coming or going influence him so acutely? But it was true if mysterious. He did miss her, and he missed her more and more each day. He began to long to see her, and most of all did he wish to hear her sweet voice. One day he went to the directors

and asked for her address, and found that the telegram had been left in the office. It was sent from a mining town in Arizona, and said: "Your aunt prostrated. Husband and children killed. Come at once." Signed "Dr. Western."

That same day Dr. Gerald Wilmington wrote a letter to Elizabeth Leigh, sending it in care of Dr. Western, Clover Leaf Mine, Arizona. He told her how he missed her, and asked her to write to him. Two weeks passed by, and one day her answer came. It was just the kind of a letter he had hoped for, and she told him that she had been glad to hear from him and hoped he would write again; that she was going to Southern California in a few days and her address would be Virginia Villa, Venice. "Venice"—the place associated in his mind with so much warmth and color! This beautiful, quiet girl, in her black dress, would seem out of place there where the merry, laughing girl lived, whom he still remembered with a thrill of pleasure.

Every letter from Elizabeth showed him some new beauty of mind and heart. They were happy letters, on the whole; for it was a delight to her to be in that lovely home, and, though her aunt was sad, she was peaceful and calm. After several months, Gerald realized that he loved this girl, and decided to go to see her and ask her to be his wife; and he smiled a little at the fleeting thought that once he liked California for the sake of another girl—a child he had never known.

He reached Venice one bright summer morning, and within an hour was on his way toward Virginia Villa. Imagine his amazement when he discovered that the carriage was stopping before the gateway of the Rose Villa of his memory! And as he walked slowly up the curving driveway, he saw a tall, slender girl, in a soft, white dress, coming toward him, with a bright smile of welcome on her face. "Lady Betty," the girl who had charmed his memory, was now the woman who had won his heart.

V. R. L.



Junior Class

Colors: Maroon and Gold

Motto: "What thou lovest, that thou art"

Flower: American Beauty Rose

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MARY THOMAS WARNER		



A Junior

The children were hurrying fast,
As through the chapel late they passed.
The last "Amen" had long been said,
When in the door there pops a head.

A Junior.

Her cheek was pale, her brow was sad,
And through the hall she rushed like mad;
For if, by chance, her theme was late,
Full well she knew her awful fate.

A Junior.

"O, stay," a pleasing voice enticed,
"But do not let her catch you twice!"
A guilty look was in her eye;
She took the peanuts with a sigh.

A Junior.

Beware the P, the awful test,
The Reformation and the rest—
That book's the bane of all our lives,
In spite of Hemy's many wives.

A Junior.

Now "pie" to some is very good,
But, strange, to us 'tis dry as wood.
Now, what does Mathematics teach?
Accuracy—how hard to reach!

A Junior.

And then to chapel her steps she turned.
Alas! she stopped, the news to learn.
A voice pealed on the morning air:
"Ten words for you, and now beware!"

A Junior.

"Don Chaucer's wit is fresh and fine,
And Spencer, girls, please hear in mind.
Now Shakespeare's works should all be read,
And Bacon's, too," she gravely said.

A Junior.

A traveler in the library found,
By one who ever looks around
From books and talks with sternness bland,
Will forthwith in the chapel land.

A Junior.

French verbs are awful, awful things,
And make us wish that we had wings:
For if we did, we'd fly away
Where none say: "Parlez vous Français?"

A Junior.

The Pilgrim's Progress

SO in process of time Studenta got up to the gate. Now over the gate there was written: "Work, and You May Reach the Senior Year." She promised, therefore, to work diligently, and was admitted to the presence of a grave and dignified person, who asked her whence she came and what course she intended to pursue. Studenta having answered these questions, Disciplina (for so the gatekeeper was called) asked: "Where are your companions?" To which Studenta answered: "We, indeed, came all together until we came to a deep and dreadful gorge, sometimes called the 'Sophomore examination,' into the which we were all precipitated. And then were my companions overwhelmed, and could not go farther; but in my time of direst need I was guided to this shore by a lamp in which burned much midnight oil." Then Studenta took leave of her friend, who again bid her Godspeed.

Then she went on, until late one night she came to the house of a Senior, who interpreted many strange things to her, and, among others, a dreadful picture of the day of examination—dreadful, indeed, unless she were prepared for it. Leaving the interpreter, then did Studenta hasten along a road fenced on either side with a wall, and the wall on the right hand was called "Rules," and the wall on the left hand was called

"Regulations." After a while, she stopped to rest; and as she stood looking ahead, behold, five shining ones came to her and saluted her, each after her own manner. So the first said to her, "Two things equal to the same thing are equal to each other;" the second said, "Relate the adventures of Anenæs from the fall of Troy up to the present time;" the third, "You have come the French road so far that you should know better than to make such mistakes;" the fourth, "Discuss our author's chief characteristics;" the fifth handed her a theme with a "P" upon it, which she should correct as she ran and give in at their next meeting. Then Studenta gave three gasps of dismay and went on humming:

Every little motto has a meaning all its own.

Every thought and feeling by some sentence can be shown.

Thus after a time Studenta came to the Hill of Difficulty, and the way up this hill was very steep. But about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant resting place, called the place of "Thanksgiving," made by the arbiter of their course for the refreshing of weary travelers. In this place a joyous game was played, which so enchanted Studenta that she lingered there until it was almost night, and, in her delight, her

theme fell out of her hand. When the game was done, Studenta started up and sped her on her way, and went apace till she met two travelers running to meet her. The name of the one was "Sacred-Green," and of the other "Don't-Believe-It." Studenta said: "What is the matter?" Sacred-Green answered that they were going to that beautiful place called the "House of Holidays," and had got up the Hill of Difficulty. "But," said she, "the farther we go, the more danger we meet with; wherefore we stopped." "Yes," said Don't-Believe-It, "for just before us lie a couple of 'P's' in the way, which, if we go on, will certainly arise and destroy us." Then Studenta, much frightened, but not daunted, went on her way. But, thinking of what she had heard from the travelers, she looked in her tablet for her theme; but she looked and found it not. Then was Studenta in great distress, for she wanted that which was required of her to be her pass into the House of Holidays. Here, therefore, she began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do, until at last she bethought herself of that joyous game which she had witnessed in the place of Thanksgiving. Then she knew where her theme was, and, hastening back there, recovered it. Then Studenta went on with her journey; but because of the time lost in recovering her theme, it was dark, and she was guided along her pathway by that same lamp, still burning midnight oil, which had helped her out of the bog. Soon, lifting up her eyes, she beheld before her a very stately palace, the name of which was "Holidays," and she went forward hastily, that if possible she might find refresh-

ment there. But in the way Studenta espied two fierce "P's," the dangers that Don't-Believe-It and Sacred-Green were driven back by. Then she was afraid, and thought also herself to go back after them. But the porter at the gate, perceiving that Studenta made a halt, cried to her, saying: "Hasten onward and keep in the midst of the path. The lions beset only the lag-gard." So, obeying these instructions, she went on, and, after much questioning and delay, she was admitted to the House of Holidays. Dancing, Feasting, and Merrymaking were here appointed to attend her, and with these pleasant companions she spent two delightful weeks. Then when she must continue her journey, these three companions went with her a little way.

After that she went on her way alone down into the Valley of Humiliation. She lingered long in this valley, by reason of her Ignorance and lack of Preparation, and like never to have escaped; but finally, by dint of great effort, she overcame her enemies and reached the end of this valley. Now at the end of this valley was another, called the "Valley of the Shadow," and this shadow, in the likeness of the Junior Examinations, darkened Studenta's whole pathway for many days. So far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch. That ditch was it in which in all ages have perished miserably the blind ones who would not be guided by the lamp in which burns midnight oil. Again, behold, on the left hand there was a very dangerous gorge, known as "Despairing Fear," into which if ever a good student falls she

is smothered, unless *she* that is able plucks her out. The pathway was here also exceedingly narrow; and, therefore, earnest Studenta was the more put to it; for when she sought in the dark to shun the ditch on the one hand, she was ready to tip over into the mire on the other; also when she sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness she would be ready to fall into the ditch.

Thus she went on, sighing bitterly; for, besides the dangers mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark that oftentimes when she lifted up her foot to set forward, she knew not where or upon what she should set it next.

About the midst of this valley, Studenta perceived the mouth of the Cave of Failure to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside. And ever and anon the questions and answers would come forth in such abundance, with such terrible and hideous grades, that Studenta was much afraid. Sometimes she had half a thought

to go back; then, again, she thought she might be half-way through the valley. She remembered also how she had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for her to go forward, so she resolved to go on. Being thus resolved, and by steadfast application and attention to her journey, she passed the cave in safety and came to the end of the valley. Now at the end of this valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of girls, even of pilgrims who had gone this way formerly; and while Studenta was musing what should be the reason, she espied a little before her a cave, where dwelt two giants, Sorority and Society, by whose power and tyranny the pilgrims whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there were cruelly put to death. But by this place Studenta passed without much danger, because she kept her eyes fixed on the goal ahead. And so she came to the Senior year, known to the envious as "Vanity Fair."

B. W., 1912.





Sophomore Class

Colors: Green and Gold

Motto: "We live in deeds, not years"

Flower: Golden-Rod

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BERTHA HERBERT	ALMANZA KERR
RUTH KAYHOE	FRANCES KIRKPATRICK
MEDA MORRIS	EVELYN PATTERSON
ELONA REAMS	LACY READ
KATE SAVAGE	AGNES SMITH
FRANCES STREET	MILDRED THORNTON
BESSIE TURNER	LADYE WARREN
MILDRED WELLS	



LIDYE
WARKER

ELLIN
DRESSER

PAULINE

LOUIS

SOPHOMORES

Confessional

I.

School of our mothers, known of old,
Teachers of our ancestral line,
Beneath whose awful hands we hold
Dominion over sense and mind;
Lovers of Wisdom, teach us yet,
For we forget—for we forget!

II.

The tumultuous whispering dies;
The Latin class has come at last;
We read our Virgil, calm and wise;
She marvels at our skill, aghast.
(O, Latin ponies, guide us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!)

III.

Our Algebra comes 'round anon;
I have one problem in my book;
A heavy frown now sits upon
Her brow. She gives me just one look.
"O, Miss Sheppe, please spare me yet,
'Cause I forget—'cause I forget!"

IV.

At Rhet'ric and at Lit'rature—
At once a pleasure and a joy—
Our last week's themes we now procure,
Marked "P" and "Better words employ."
O, Carpenter, stay with us yet,
For we forget—for we forget.

V.

For foolish girls who put their trust
In Latin ponies, copied themes,
And blow from off their books the dust
Which Kate has overlooked, it seems,
For frantic boast and trifling jest,
Have pity on their foolishness!

FRANCES STREET.

The Adventures of Iris

SOPHOMORE STORY.

IRIS was a little girl who lived with her mother and father in a neat brown cottage by the roadside. Her father was very poor and could not afford to have help, so Iris and her mother had to work very hard. Now, Iris loved her parents, but she did not like to work. Often she would sit under the apple tree, her favorite resting place, and think of the pleasures other little girls had, which she could never enjoy, working all the time. One day, when she was brooding over her troubles, she decided to run away. The next morning, before her father and mother were up, she slipped out of bed, dressed, and ran very fast out of the yard into the road. She was afraid if she did not go quickly her heart might fail her. She walked and walked, not knowing where she was going, her only motive being to get away from work. She had not gone far until she became very hungry, and sat down on a mossy log by a little running brook and began to cry. "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" She raised her head. "It must be the brook," she said; "but if I thought there were really any fairies, I would feel sure that that is their music." The sweet music came nearer and nearer; and what was that? Iris rubbed her eyes. There, coming over the meadow, was a procession of

lovely, light, beautiful creatures which she had to confess to be fairies. Queen Golden Glow was riding in a beautiful chariot made of buttercups and Narcissus, drawn by fifty golden and white butterflies. Attending their queen were fairies singing and playing every kind of instrument. When Golden-Rod saw Iris, she stopped, and, stepping from her car, came and asked Iris why she had been weeping. Iris was a very bold child, and the beautiful queen and the fairies did not awe her at all; so she told her story. The queen's pretty forehead was puckered into a dreadful frown. She did not like to hear little girls complain; and when Iris had finished, she said: "Since you do not believe in fairies and are so much dissatisfied with your home, I am going to take you to Fairyland with me, where I hope you will profit by the good examples you will see." Iris was so much surprised that she tumbled head foremost into the brook, and might have hurt herself had not the queen waved her magic wand and restored her to her place. Golden-Rod took Iris by the hand and led her to the chariot, and they were soon on the way to Fairyland. Perhaps you have asked, or, if you do not like to ask questions, you have thought: "But fairies are so little, and I know Iris must have been bigger than the

queen." But what do you think happened as soon as the queen took Iris' hand? Why, she felt herself grow smaller and smaller until she was the size of the queen and could very easily and comfortably sit in the buttercup car.

After a long journey, which really seemed very short to Iris, they came to a dark cave, and instead of going on by it, as Iris expected the butterflies would do, they flew right into the damp hole, and the fairies all followed. Iris was very much frightened, but Golden-Rod told her to have no fear. At last they came to a door, which was thrown open at the blast of a bugle which the captain of the fairy guard wore around his neck. Immediately the door swung open, and the air of Fairyland rushed out, making the musty atmosphere of the cave smell like a mixture of roses, violets, and hyacinths. They entered a large marble hall. Around the walls were mirrors set in silver frames, and the ceiling was painted in a wonderful design, representing clouds which floated silently over the hall. In the center was a beautiful crystal fountain, sending its sparkling waters high in the air, where they were caught in white water lilies by fairies, who carried the drops to refresh the thirsty flowers in the world. This room was filled with ferns of every kind. Iris had never dreamed there was such a variety. There were little brownies, who worked in the fernery and kept them always green.

As the queen entered this hall and stepped from her chariot, every fairy stopped his work and drew up in a long line to salute her. As Golden Glow and Iris

passed down this aisle, the queen told the fairies to be ready to serve their guest at any time. The fairies made a low bow, but the brownies frowned. They saw what kind of a little girl Iris was. The queen called her ladies in waiting, and she led Iris to her room. On the way they passed through beautiful rose gardens and corridors, and in each one she saw fairies working busily. This surprised her very much, as she thought fairies never had to work, but were always spending their time in pleasure. The queen left her in a beautiful little room, all blue, white, and gold, with a soft-blue carpet on the floor, and every time Iris walked across it she sunk down an inch in the plush. There was a beautiful little white dresser, with dear little chairs to match. Iris first sat on the floor, it looked so soft and nice. Then she tried every chair in the room. As she was rocking comfortably, she stopped suddenly and rubbed her eyes. Surely she had not seen that when she first came in; she knew she could never have missed such a lovely creature; for the thing she was looking at was a beautiful doll—not the kind she had been used to seeing, but a creature that looked as if she wanted to talk to Iris. Her cheeks had a pretty pink flush that seemed very natural, and her hair hung in long auburn curls around her face, giving it a soft expression. Iris went over to her and took her in her arms. She was like all other little girls, so she sat down on the floor and began taking off the doll's soft, white dress. She was so busily engaged in this that she did not hear the Nurse Fairy come in or see the queen when she called her to come to dinner. Iris was

very glad to go to dinner, but the Nurse Fairy had to take Narcissus (this was the name she had given the doll) to the table also. The banquet hall, which over-looked a garden, had one long table in the center, with a throne at one end made of purple and white irises. This was in compliment of the guest. At the right of the throne was another chair decorated in the same fresh flowers. Irises marked every place, and the Fairy Orchestra was stationed in a garden of the purple and white flowers. The table was covered with a snow-white cloth and set with silver dishes. Fat little brownies dressed as waiters stood at intervals along the walls, with silver trays in their fat little hands.

As the queen and her train entered the banquet hall, strains of soft fairy music floated from the garden. Iris felt as if she were being lifted into the clouds. As she took her seat in the beautiful chair, she saw all the brownies coming with steaming silver dishes, which smelled so good she could hardly wait to be helped to them. She had never seen so much to eat. Iris never believed that one table could hold so much. When she had eaten all she could, the dessert brownie gave her a big saucer of fairy ice. It was so good Iris was obliged to smack her lips. When she had eaten three saucers, the brownie really seemed hurt when she refused the fourth. After dinner the court went to the ballroom, which was a bower of ferns and American Beauty roses. The fairies danced and danced. To Iris they seemed scarcely to touch the floor. After a while her eyes began to get heavy, and Golden-Rod knew the Sand Man had come for her.

When the Nurse Fairy had taken her to her own room, she said: "Fairy, this is a beautiful palace, but I thought you never had to work as I see you doing here. I had always heard that things cleaned themselves in Fairyland."

The nurse laughed very much. "Why, Iris," she said, "every one has to work to be happy, even if they are kings and queens and fairies."

Iris' eyes became very big. She thought to be happy was to be idle.

"Little fairies," the nurse continued, "called 'Dirty Spots,' come every day and cover everything; and if we fairies do not work to kill them, they would ruin us."

Iris lay awake a long time thinking about what the fairy had said. She talked softly to Narcissus, who was in bed with her, until her eyes grew heavy and she felt as if she were floating on a river and being gently rocked by the waves. The Sleep Fairies had come and borne her off to the Valley of Nod.

The next morning she wandered about the palace, learning many things from the busy workers. As the morning wore on, she began to feel restless, and she did not enjoy simply walking idly around. In her wanderings she came upon Doctor Fairy, to whom she told her troubles. He looked at her through his little beady eyes, then said: "You have the trouble called 'idle ways.' It is a very dangerous disease; and if you are not cured at once, you will take a more dreadful disease—sulkiness; and when you get in that condition, you will be very dangerous to mortals."

Iris was now on the verge of tears. She begged the doctor to tell her what to do.

"Tell you what to do!" roared the doctor. "There is plenty for you to do if you will just keep your eyes open."

Iris was very much puzzled. She was sure her eyes were open all the time, except when she was asleep. The doctor dropped something into her eyes called "scrutiny." He was careful not to get too much; for if he had, she would have found fault with everything. Iris was very glad to get away from the dreadful doctor. She hardly dared to open her eyes while she was running back to her own room, she was so anxious to try her new eyes. In her haste she ran right into Trip, who was carrying some plants into another garden. Trip and Iris came together with a bump, which sent Trip tumbling backward over a wheelbarrow which happened to be out of place. Iris could not stop to see his amazement, but went running on. Trip was one of the brownies who worked in the gardens, and who saw Iris when she first came to Fairyland, and did not like her very much, and this incident did not heighten his admiration.

When Iris was safe in her own room, she opened her eyes wide and began to look around. To her surprise, she saw little ugly black things, which she knew to be the Dirty Spot Fairies, on the window, chairs, and table. The cleaning fairies had left Iris' room this way on purpose to let her see these dirty spots for herself. She got a rag and rubbed and wiped and dusted until she had killed all the spots and her eyes could not see

a one. She was delighted to find how much better she felt when she was busy, and immediately went out to help the cleaning fairies with their work. Now you must know that as the old saying goes, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so it is with fairies. They do not work all the time by any means. When the duties of the day are performed, they dress as different kinds of flowers and go to a beautiful wood not far from Fairyland. Iris was to dress as a yellow wild rose. When the time came to go, all the fairies met in the marble hall. Golden-Rod viewed her subjects with smiling pleasure. There were roses, violets, honeysuckles, sweet peas, and every other kind of flower you ever saw or heard of. They made the palace gardens look quite small in comparison. Golden-Rod took Iris with her in her car of moon flowers drawn by fireflies. The fairies formed a procession, led by the orchestra, and left Fairyland. They went through the cave and came out in a beautiful wood. The silver moonbeams, sifting through leaves of the giant oak and maple trees, cast picturesque and grotesque shadows and made it nearly as bright as day. The fairies danced about their queen and crowned her with garlands of flowers. Their rippling laughter and silvery voices mingled with the low whispering of the wind and made the woods seem alive with joy and mirth. The poppy dance was the last of all, which meant that sleep time had come. Each fairy gathered arms full of poppies from a field near by, which they strewed everywhere, filling the air with their drowsy sweetness. Iris could not stand the odor, and presently her eyelids drooped like a thirsty

flower, and she felt herself drifting, drifting, drifting. The musical voices of the fairies singing their lullaby floated softly to her like a water lily, disentangled from its companions, stealing noiselessly downstream. When she awoke, she found herself in her blue-and-white room at the palace, and the events of the night seemed only to linger as a pleasant memory. While she was dressing, she thought for the first time of her father and mother. Were they looking for her? Had they missed her? Tears began to gather in the bright eyes and the little chin began to quiver; but as the sun bursts through the gray clouds after a summer shower, so a smile lit up the shadow which was on her face. She had determined to go home and try to comfort her father and mother for the trouble she had caused them. Queen Golden Glow smiled when she heard of Iris' intention. "I am so glad you have not forgotten your father and mother," she said. "It has given me great pleasure to have you in Fairyland, and I hope you have learned many things which will help you in the future. And remember to always keep busy if you want to be happy, and always be content with your lot in life. I will take you home," she continued, "early in the morning, so you can be in your own bed when your father and mother wake up."

The fairies were very sorry to see Iris leave, and some, including Trip, who, you remember, she had upset one morning, were really glad she had been naughty and run away, so that they could prove to her that there are real fairies in the world. Golden Glow gave Iris so many beautiful dresses, dolls, and jewelry, besides

many real useful things, including two bags of gold for her father, that another carriage had to be ordered for them.

The sun was just waking from his night's sleep and rubbing his drowsy eyes when Golden Glow left Iris and her treasures in front of her home. She kissed the little girl, and, waving her good-by, was soon out of sight across the meadow. The queen had left two of her workers to restore Iris to her natural size and to help take her possessions in the house. When the gold was at her father's plate in the dining room and a beautiful dress and jewel at her mother's, Iris scampered off to her own little bed. When her mother opened her door to see if her little daughter had come home this morning, what was her surprise and joy to see two fat little arms stretched out to greet her! At the breakfast table Iris told of her strange adventure. Her parents shook their heads; you know, grown folks do not believe in fairies; they thought she had been dreaming; but when they saw the gold and dresses, they felt like they had been dreaming.

Iris' father built a beautiful home, and her mother does not have to work now, although she is never idle; but Iris is the most industrious one of the family. She adheres strictly to that old rhyme that

"If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all."

December 23, 1910.

VIRGINIA S. FOLK.

E Is for examination, the pupils all dread,
A cramp in the fingers, a pain in the head.
X Is for the quantity in Algebra unknown,
The value of which is required to be shown.
A Is for answer the children adore,
When time is a-flying and there are questions galore.
M Is for mercy that's much in demand
When pupils are busy and "exams." are on hand.
I Is for ignorance, a suitable name
For stupid pupils who give teachers the blame.
N Is for neighbor, who sits across the aisle,
Who scribbles and scratches, then thinks for a while.
A Is for anything you happen to write,
Be it parsing in grammar or description of flight.
T Is for teacher, so patient and kind;
Enconragement and help in her do we find.
I Is for ink, or inkling rare
Of answers to questions o'er which we despair.
O Is for office—to the office you go,
If questions you mention or papers you show.
N Is for noon, and with it the bell;
Teachers give a "ha, ha," the girls give a yell.
S Last of all, is for "Skidoo 23;"
From the school of "exams." for three months we're free.

C. McKAY.





Freshman Class

Colors: Yellow and Black

Flower: Flag

Motto: "We strive to overcome"

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LAURA FITE	Vice President
VIRGINIA McDEARMAN	Secretary
KATHLEEN GARRETT	Treasurer

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BRANDAU

FRANCES
CHEELY

ANNIE BERSLEY

VIRGINIA
MACFARMON

KATHLEEN
GARRETT

FRESHMAN CLASS

EVA WALTON

KATE ECHOLS

An Interrupted Feast

FROM several of the many rooms opening into the long hall there crept, one by one, silent figures, who quickly hid among the shadows of the dimly lighted corridors at the slightest noise issuing from forbidden-looking doors.

It was the hour of midnight, and well might these culprits start, like frightened deer, at the beating of their own hearts.

At room No. 5 they paused a moment and then gently pushed open the door. Sitting on a trunk and table, respectively, were two girls, seemingly the hostesses of this mysterious meeting, who, as the silent figures trooped in, motioned them to different seats, and did not break the silence until the last figure had stolen safely into the room. "S-h-s!" cautioned the girls; and, tearing the blankets from the bed, they stopped up the crack under the door. Then the picturesque figures proved to be ten "Freshmen" of Ward Seminary, clad in many-hued kimonos, who gazed anxiously at the girl seated on the trunk, and, as their curiosity overcame them, made a rush which completely upset that self-possessed maiden. A savory odor rose from the chafing dish over which she had been bending, and the first girl who tasted this mixture justly got turned for her trouble. A gleeful giggle arose from

her companions at this mishap; but as the burnt one, menacingly, picked up a Latin grammar with one hand and a bottle of ink with the other, the merriment hastily subsided, and the girls turned again to the chafing dish and boiling fudge.

The table was spread with delicious, indigestible things which the girls had smuggled into their rooms, outwitting the hungry little mice by wrapping everything in a box and suspending it from the chandelier by a stout cord. It would not be hard to guess that those pickles, crackers, deviled ham, chicken salad, and apples were reserved for a midnight feast. O, forbidden delight!

Lying in all kinds of fantastic positions, the girls waited for the fudge to cool, and their mouths watered for just one tiny taste. The hostess at last majestically arose and walked slowly toward the plate with a knife; but—hark!—what was that noise at the door?

A low knock was heard, and, after a moment's frightened hesitation, one girl seized the fudge, and two others the table cover, with portions of the feast, and, as they thrust them under the bed, rolled quickly after.

Meanwhile the other girls had not been idle, but had fled behind the screen and trunk and in the wardrobe,

leaving their hostesses to "face the music." The two girls looked at each other helplessly, and then, as if prompted by a brilliant inspiration, snatched the blankets from the floor and threw them behind the screen, causing a suppressed howl of choked rage to issue from that region. Without heeding their outburst of indignation, the two girls dropped breathlessly to their knees by the side of the bed just as an impatient teacher opened the door. She had been attracted to their room by the light from a crack at the top of the door, and had determined to find why the girls in No. 5 were burning their electrics after "light bell." She had at least expected to see one of the girls studying; but when she found the miscreants in a humble attitude of prayer, she closed the door quickly, with a murmured apology. But these youthful Freshmen were too cunning for her; and as she waited suspiciously in the hall, she heard them rise from their knees and, gently kissing each other "good night," crawl into bed. The good-natured teacher determined that she would not re-

port them for this, their first offense; and inwardly blaming herself for doubting those pure, innocent girls, she slipped into her own room and closed the door.

What a scramble for the light in No. 5! And laughing girls pulled their almost inanimate chums from various places of concealment. Joyfully the girls went to find their hidden delicacies; but—alas!—what a frightful thing had happened! One girl, in her mad attempt at concealment, had planted her daintily slipped foot in the fudge and upset it, while another had deposited her own small person on a place containing the deviled ham and salad. After this sad accident, the poor unfortunates made their feast on pickle and crackers, with hard apples for dessert.

Mournfully the girls sneaked into their rooms and broken-heartedly went to bed.

"They went like those who have been stunned
And are of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser bunch or band,
They rose the morrow morn."



Sub-Freshman Class

Colors: Blue and Gold

Motto: "Do it now, and do it well"

Flower: Daffodil

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MARTHA FRANKLIN.....	Vice President
MARION MALONE.....	Secretary
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MARION MALONE
HARRIET OVERTON FRANCES RIDLEY
THELMA ROLEN MATSIE WARTEN
HELEN WATTS MARY WHEELER
EVA WRIGHT



SUB-FRESHMAN

Intermediate Class

Colors: Yellow and White

Motto: "Over and over again"

Flower: Daisy

Officers

ELLA MAI WILSON

VANCE TALBOT

GEORGIA MIZELL

ANNE READ

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NAOMI TOMKIES

GEORGIA MIRELL

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ANNE READ

MARY LOUISE NANCE

LILLIAN WARNER

LOUISA CONGER

VANCE TALBOT

MORA DODD

RUTH HOSKINS

ELEANOR McMILLIN

MARY TUCKER

BERTIE PARKES

ELLA MAI WILSON





INTERMEDIATE



	NELL COHEN	
MARGARET EARLY	AVON HAIL	
MARGARET HOLLINSHEAD	DORINDA HOLLINSHEAD	
DOROTHY HARRIS	ELIZABETH HOGAN	
CLARE MURPHY	ANNIE MIMMS	NINA MIMMS
NANCY MANIER	BERNICE LATIMER	
MARY LOUISE NANCE	TINA MAE OTT	
ADA TALBOT	ELIZABETH TYREE	
DOROTHY TUCKER	MARIE WEIL	INDA WILSON



PRIMARY CLASS

Irregular Class

Colors: Lavender and White

Flower: Lilac

Motto: "Get wisdom, get understanding"

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KATHLEEN WILLIAMS	Secretary
PENELOPE MARTIN	Treasurer

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NELLIE LOCKARD	PENELOPE MARTIN	
EDNA MCSHANE	GRACE MOORE	
LOUISA MOORE	LILLIAN MOORE	
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CORA ROBERTS MARY CLIFTON ROBERTS	MARGUERITE RUDOLPH STELLA LEE RUTHERFORD	ARWIN SCOTT MARGARET SHINE
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CORRINE WADDEY LUCILE WALKER	ELLEN B. WALLACE ESTHER WALTON	MYREON WALTON LOUISE WARTEN
GLADYS WILLIAMS	KATHLEEN WILLIAMS	MARTHA ZEIGLER



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ROSE ELISE ASHWORTH	MARTHA FRITH
BROOKE SCOTT	SUSIE WEAKLEY
MYNOR SLEDGE	MRS. N. C. LEONARD

Special Class in Expression

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BIRDIE FLEMIN	LINDA HARRIS
MARY V. HOLLINS	AZILE KING
DORA MAXWELL	FAY TAYLOR
NETTIE THOMAS	MAGDALENE VORBERG
HUGH MILLER, <i>Secretary</i>	





F.C. RICH

College Preparatory

Flower: Red Carnation

Motto: "Get wisdom; get understanding "

Colors: Red and White

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MILDRED THORNTON..... <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

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MARY DALE ROBERTSON		AGNES SMITH	
		CORA LEE WADDLE	
	LADYE WARREN	BARBARA WEBSTER	



HELEN DEANE



MARY DALE ROBERTSON



LOUISE WARREN



ROBERTA DILLON



ROBERT TOWNSEND



ROBERT TOWNSEND

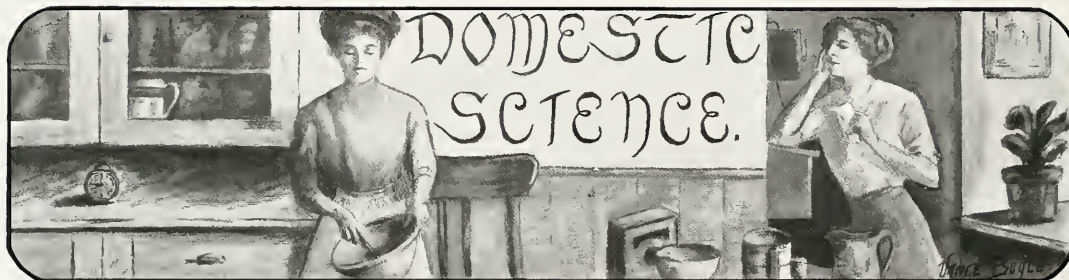


CORA LEE WADDLE



ROBERT TOWNSEND





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DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Domestic Art

MAMIE BURKE
DORIS PHILLIPS

MATT HENDERSON
MARY DALE ROBERTSON





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SADIE ALLEN

GERTRUDE MCSHANE }

SUE HOLMES (Joke)

VERA LINCOLN

CATHERINE MCKAY (Exchange) }

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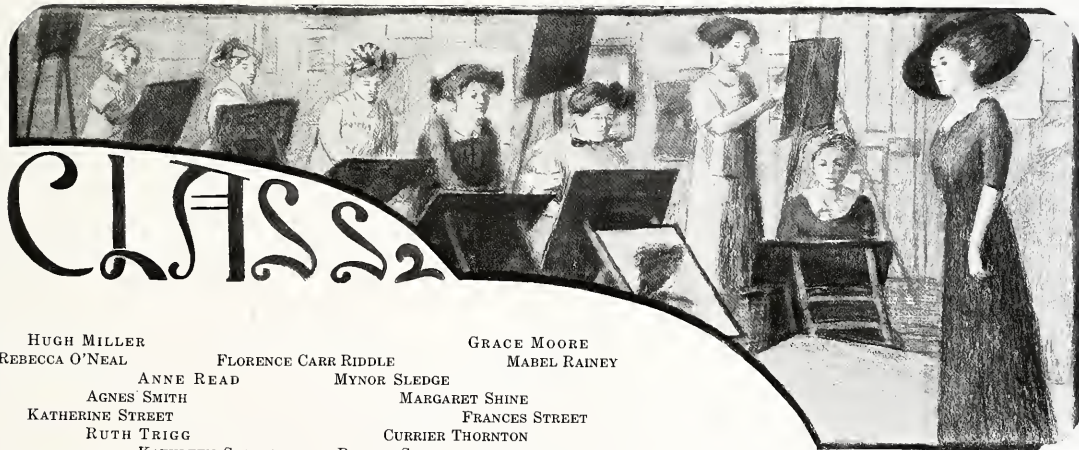
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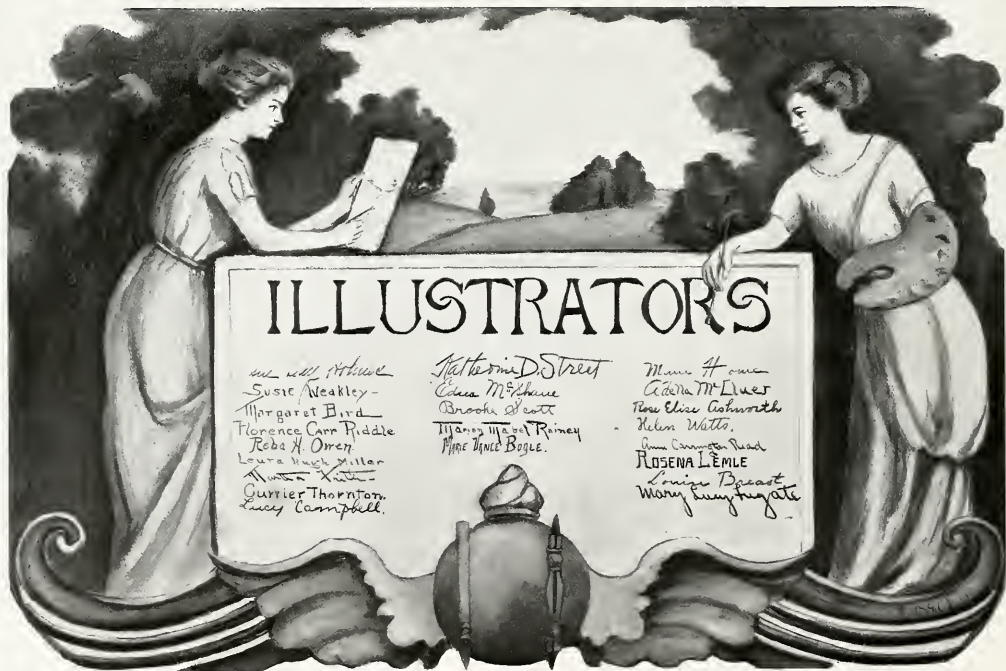
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ADELLA MCCLURE



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Currier Thornton
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Ellen Cushman
Kelley Watts
Anna Carpenter Read
ROSENA LEMLE
Louise B. East
Mary Huntington

Unser Deutsches Kränzchen

German Club

Blau und Gold sin unsere Farben

Rosa sind die Knospen

Glück Aßf!

Members

Merle Anderson	Gladys Baughman	Iris Brandau	Alberta Brandau
Florie May Bridewell	Katherine Campbell	Jennie Caruthers	
Jessie Whitesell	Helen Chatham	Ann Fisher	Minnie Crawford
Cecil Johns	Sarah Caruthers	Fern Dale Collins	Anita Osuna
Myrtle Doughass	Mary Elizabeth Phillips	Mamie Douglass	
Mary Lucy Fugate	Cora Palmer	Kathleen Gabbert	
Marianna Grubbs	Ether Gugenheim	Gertrude McShane	
	Violet Morris	Alice Radford	Corinne Rich
	Agnes Smith	Myreon Walton	Helen Cline
	Doris Phillips	Stella Lee Rutherford	
	Frances Pendleton	Frances Tomkies	
	Allie Mac Snodgrass	Cora Lee Waddie	
	Anna Bell Regen	Martha Zeigler	
	Marguerite Rudolph	Louise Warten	

Glück Aüf!

Members

Merle Anderson	Gladys Baughman	Iris Brandau	Alberta Brandau
Florie May Bridewell	Katherine Campbell	Jennie Caruthers	
Jessie Whitesell	Helen Chatham	Ann Fisher	Minnie Crawford
Cecil Johns	Sarah Caruthers	Fern Dale Collins	Units Oona
Myrtle Douglass	Mary Elizabeth Phillips	Mamie Douglass	
Mary Lucy Fugate	Corra Palmer	Kathleen Gabbert	
Marrianna Grubbs	Cather Gugenbuehn	Gertie Gugenbuehn	
	Violet Morris	Alice Radford	Corinne Rich
	Agnes Smith	Myreon Walton	Helen Cline
	Dorris Phillips	Stella Lee Rutherford	
	Frances Pendleton	Frances Tomkies	
	Mac Mae Snodgrass	Lore Waddle	
	Anna Bell Jones	Marrina Zee	
	Marguerite Rudolph	Conise Warten	



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AGNES ADAMS	FAY TAYLOR	REBECCA O'NEAL	RUBY ROSS
LUCILE WALKER	MARY TOM WARNER	ELSIE BRICE	HELEN CLINE
LILLIAN GLENN	ALTA ELLIOT	MATSIE WARTEN	AZILE KING
	BIRDIE FLEMING	LINDA HARRIS	
MARY HOLLINS		IRL GANN	
MARY JO LAZARUS	PENELOPE MARTIN	HUGH MILLER	
JENNIE LIND RUEBUSH	CORA ROBERTS	LINNIE TUCKER	NETTIE THOMAS
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Diplomas

LINNIE TUCKER

GERTRUDE MCSHANE



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Special Certificate in Piano

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Graduate in Piano

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		ALEEN FOSTER
IRL GANN		MADIE GOUGH
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		CORINNE WALKER



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AGNES ADAMS

EMMA BALEE

KATE ECHOLS

I. L. GANN

ALICE HENDERSON

HUGH MILLER

GERTRUDE MCSHANE

JENNIE LIND RUEBUSH

MARY ANDREWS

STELLE LEE RUTHERFORD

ANZONETTA BALDRIDGE

MORA DODD MARY DOUGLASS

ALEEN FOSTER

MAIDEE GOUGH

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

VIOLET MORRIS

CORA PALMER

ROBERTA TETLEY

MERIDETH FOX

RUTH GRADY

MARY JO LAZARUS

ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY

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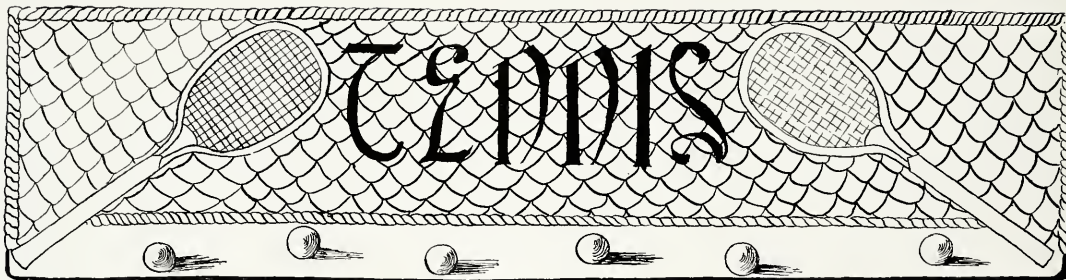
NANNIE HAMLET

EUGENIA MASON

VIRGINIA MCDEARMON

MAYBELLE ROBERTSON

MILDRED WELLS



Tennis Club

MERLE ANDERSON	SALLIE BAIN	LULA MAY DAVIDSON	ANZONETTA BALDRIDGE	VIOLA BRADLEY
HATTIE BRYANT	ELSIE BRICE	LOUISE WARTEN	SARAH CARUTHERS	CARRIE COOPER
MINNIE CRAWFORD	SOPHIE EZZELL	KATE ECHOLS	HAZEL DEAN	MORA DODD
MARY DOUGLASS	MAYDEE GOUGH	ALICE HENDERSON	ALBERTA DOUGLASS	ALEEN FOSTER
IRL GANN	NANNIE HAMLETT	VERA LINCOLN	ESTHER GUCCENHEIM	RUTH GRADY
MALLIE HALTON	VIOLET MORRIS	LUCILE LOCKARD	KATHRYN HILL	BESSIE HOWARD
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PENELOPE MARTIN	EDNA MCSHANE	CORA PALMER	GERTRUDE MCSHANE	FLORA PETTIT
DORIS PHILLIPS	BARBARA WEBSTER	CORINNE WALKER	MABEL RAINEY	AYLEEN STEPHENS
STELLA WALDHUFF	LILLIAN BIRD WHITESELL	MARY DALE ROBERTSON	MARY LUCY FUGATE	LUCILE WALKER



TENNIS CLUB



Colors: Pink and Blue

Motto: "We won't go home 'til mornin'"

Flower: Moonflower

Officers

VERA HART LINCOLN
KATE ECHOLS
MABEL RAINEY
MARY DOUGLASS

Manager
Assistant Manager
Secretary
Treasurer

Cotillion Club

Members

Misses

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 JAMIE BASS
 MARY ANDREWS
 ALMA MILLER
 JANE METCALF
 MAYBELL ROBERTSON
 MARY BRANK GIVENS
 HAZEL DEAN
 BIRDIE FLEMIN
 LILLIAN TIDNAM
 MILDRED WELLS
 IVALEA SHELTON
 GLADYS GAUNT

MYNOR SLEDGE
 ORLEAN BASS
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 MARY JO LAZARUS
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 S. ROLLOW
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 M. RUDOLPH
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M. L. SMITH
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 L. M. DAVIDSON
 M. K. ZEIGLER
 M. A. DOUGLASS
 L. D. PHILLIPS
 V. McDEARMON
 M. M. RAINEY



TENNESSEE CLUB

Tennessee Club

Colors: Light Blue and White

Motto: "Honor to our State"

Flower: Marechal Niel Rose

Officers

CORA PALMER	President
ADA CURTIS	Vice President
RUTH WEBSTER	Secretary
JANE EVE BUCKNER	Treasurer

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		RUTH WALLING, Readyville
		ANNIE LAURIE YOUNG, Halls
JESSIE WHITESELL, Union City		
LILLIAN WILLIAMS, Pleasant View		



KENTUCKY CLUB

Kentucky Club

Colors: Blue and White

Motto: "United, we stand; divided, we fall"

Flower: Golden Rod

Officers

MARY LUCY FUGATE.....	President
LOUISA MOORE.....	Vice President
ALICE RADFORD.....	Secretary
MARY CARTER STILLEY.....	Treasurer

Members

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MARTHA RADFORD, Howell	ALICE RADFORD, Hopkinsville		
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MARY CARTER STILLEY, Benton	SARAH ROLLOW, Edgeton		MARY LOVING WRIGHT, Cady



ALABAMA CLUB

Alabama Club

Colors: Crimson and White

Flower: Cotton Blossom

Yell

Rac-axoc!
Sis-a-boom-bah!
Alabama! Alabama!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Officers

KATE ECHOLS
MABEL RAINEY
MARY DOUGLASS
RUTH TRIGG

President
Vice President
Treasurer
Secretary

Members

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LOUISE WARTEN, Athens MILDRED WELLS, Huntsville
MOLLIE WILSON, Gadsden



ARKANSAS CLUB

Arkansas Club

Colors: Green and White

Motto: "Never hurry"

Flower: Apple Blossom

Officers

CATHERINE MCKAY

LUCY DORIS PHILLIPPS.

HAZEL DEAN

President

Vice President

Secretary and Treasurer

Members

SALLIE M. BAIN

Portland

HAZEL DEAN Hamburg

CATHERINE MCKAY Fort Smith

LUCY DORIS PHILLIPPS. Malvern

STELLA B. WALDHOF Hazel



TEXAS CLUB

Texas Club

Colors: Gold and White

Motto: "Loyalty to our Lone Star State"

Flower: Buffalo Clover

Toast

Here's to a land of corn and cotton;
Here's to a land of good people, too;
Here's to a land ne'er to be forgotten
For all that's noble and true;
Here's to the greatest of all that's great—
Here's to Texas, the Lone Star State.

Officers

ADELLA MCCLURE

KATHLEEN WILLIAMS

MAIDEE GOUGH

President

Vice President

Secretary and Treasurer

Members

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MAIDEE GOUGH, McKinney

MATT HENDERSON, San Angelo

EUGENIA MASON, Rockwall

GRACE MOORE, Bay City

MAYBELLE ROBERTSON, Waelder

KATHLEEN WILLIAMS, Sulphur Springs

ESTHER GUGGENHEIM, San Antonio

ALICE HENDERSON, San Angelo

ALMANZA KERR, McKinney

ADELLA MCCLURE, Cherokee

LOUISE MOAR, Colorado

MARGARET SHINE, San Antonio



MISSISSIPPI CLUB

Mississippi Club

Colors: Red and Navy Blue

Motto: Stick up for one another

Flower: Magnolia

Yell

Mississippi, Mississippi! Two, two, two!
Mississippi, Mississippi! Who, who, who!
Finest old State of the whole forty-eight!
Mississippi, Mississippi! Great, great, great!

Officers

GERTRUDE McSHANE	<i>President</i>
AYLEEN STEPHENS	<i>Vice President</i>
KATHLEEN GABBERT	<i>Secretary</i>
RUSSELL HENDERSON	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

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ELOISE CHANDLER, Okolona	MERIDETH FOX, Louisville	CARO FOSTER, Crystal Springs
	KATHLEEN GABBERT, Senatobia	RUSSELL HENDERSON, Columbus
	LUCILE LOCKARD, Meridian	NELLIE LOCKARD, Meridian
EONA McSHANE, Greenwood	GERTRUDE McSHANE, Greenwood	
LOUISE RICKETS, Drew	AYLEEN STEPHENS, Shaw	MYNOR SLEDGE, Conco
CORINNE WALKER, Brookhaven	LUCILE WALKER, Brookhaven	ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY, Yazoo City



LOUISIANA CLUB

Louisiana Club

Colors: Olive Green and White

Motto: "Nos efforts pour la gloire de notre Stat"

Flower: Magnolia

Officers

PENELOPE MARTIN	President
GLADYS BAUGHMAN	Vice President
ROSINA LEMLE	Secretary
AGNES ADAMS	Treasurer

Members

GLADYS BAUGHMAN	Farmerville
LILLIAN MORRIS	Crowley
MEDA MORRIS	Crowley
ROSINA LEMLE	Monroe
AGNES ADAMS	Mer Rouge
ARWIN SCOTT	Tallulah
PENELOPE MARTIN	Bastrop



Mexican Club

Colors: Red, White, and Green

Flower: Jazmin

Motto: "Perseguir un ideal"

Officers

MARGARET BIRD.....	President
ANITA OSUNA	Vice President
ELODIA DE LA FUENTE.....	Secretary
ELVIRA OSUNA	Treasurer

Members

MARGARET BIRD, Chihuahua, Chihuahua
 ELODIA DE LA FUENTE, Nadadores, Coahuila
 ANITA OSUNA, Saltillo, Coahuila
 ELVIRA OSUNA, Nadadores, Coahuila

Honorary Members

MR. ANDREWS OSUNA
 OLIVE WIGGINS
 FLAVIA WIGGINS

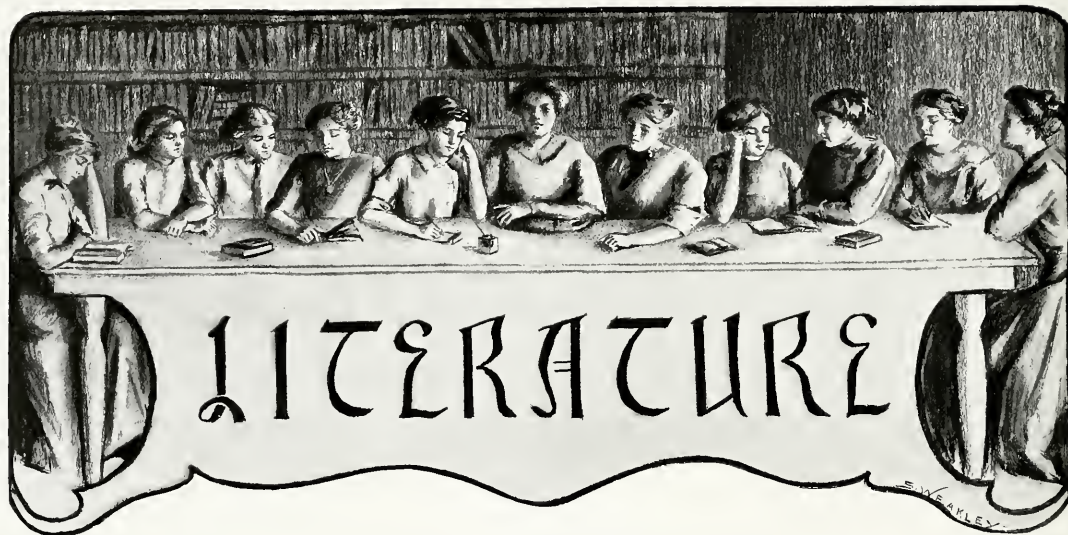
Swimming Club

MARY DEW	AMBROSE	MARY MELVIN ANDERSON	
MERLE ANDERSON	LOUISE BAILEY	SALLIE BAIN	EMMA BALEE
ANZONETTA BALDRIDGE	GLADYS BAUGHMAN	ELSIE BRICE	ELOISE CHANDLER
LULA MAY DAVIDSON	MARY DOUGLASS	MYRTLE FUGATE	MARY LUCY FUGATE
LINDA DUNN	AILEEN FOSTER	GRACE GAUNT	MAIDEE GOUGH
NANNIE HAMLETT	JULIA HARRISON	MARY BRANK GIVENS	ALICE HENDERSON
JOSEPHINE JOHNSON	VERA LINCOLN	MARION MALONE	MARY JO LAZARUS
	PENELOPE MARTIN	EUGENIA MASON	
	DORA MAXWELL	ALMA MILLER	
MEDA MORRIS	GRACE MOORE	ADELLA MCCLURE	LOUISA MOORE
	VIRGINIA MCDARMON	BESSIE MCGUIRE	
	EDNA MCSHANE	GERTRUDE MCSHANE	
MABELLE ROBERTSON	LEILA OGDEN	CORA PALMER	STELLA LEE RUTHERFORD
DORRIS PHILLIPS	LOUISE RICKETTS	ALLIE MAE SNODGRASS	CORA ROBERTS
ARWIN SCOTT	IVALEA SHELTON		MYNOR SLEDGE
NELL SPARKS	AYLEEN STEPHENS	MARY CARTER STILLEY	KATHLEEN SPARKS
KATHLEEN WILLIAMS	LUCILE WALKER	LOUISE WARTEN	ROBERTA TETLEY
FAY TAYLOR	RUTH TRIGG	MATSE WARTEN	MARY LOVING WRIGHT
ANNIE LAURIE YOUNG		LILLIAN BIRD WHITESELL	FLORA PETTIT



Boating Club

MERLE ANDERSON	ANZONETTA BALDRIDGE	VIOLA BRADLEY
MINNIE CRAWFORD	MARY DOUGLASS	
KATE ECHOLS	BIRDIE FLEMIN	
AILEEN FOSTER	CARO FOSTER	
GLADYS GAUNT	GRACE GAUNT	
MARY BRANK GIVENS	NANNIE HAMLETT	
RUSSELL HENDERSON	MARY JO LAZARUS	
LUCILE LOCKARD	NELLIE LOCKARD	
VIRGINIA MCDARMON	GERTRUDE MCSHANE	
MARTHA RADFORD	STELLA LEE RUTHERFORD	
MYNOR SLEDGE	MARY CARTER STILLEY	
BARBARA WEBSTER	RUTH TRIGG	LOUISE WARTEN



Our Alma Mater

In the center of the city,
 Standing on Eighth Avenue,
 Is the school we love so dearly—
 Ward's, where live the brave and true.

Always happy, never pouting,
 Giving friendly nods to all;
 Cheering loudly for dear 'Vandy,
 Tying Yale in their football.

Thronging yearly from all borders,
 From the North, South, East, and West;
 Ever seeking, always finding,
 This, the school they love the best.

Gladly greet they all who pass them;
 Never frown these maidens fair,
 Even if the Tulane boarders
 Give a wink or bashful stare.

In Skalowski's listening ever
 To the music sweet and low,
 One eye resting on the dainties,
 One eye sure astray to go.

Gladly do they join their forces,
 Gladly don the gown of blue,
 March in line to church together,
 With a chaperon or two.

Thus they pass the year together,
 Weep when it at last is o'er.
 Vow they always will return there—
 Grand old Ward's, we thee adore.

Ten Commandments of the Chapel

1. Thou shalt have no pleasure within the chapel.
2. Thou shalt not hum between periods, nor whisper to thy desk-mate, nor to thy neighbor across the aisle.
3. Thou shalt not chat on the gallery, for I am a stealthy lady, venting my wrath on all and dealing out dictionary upon thee.
4. Thou shalt not think that I am deaf, for thou shalt know that I hear all the gossiping, even unto the second library.
5. Remember dictionary and trouble; for seven days shalt thou pose on the platform and get thy lessons, for talking is a sin.
6. Honor thy teacher, and me especially, that I may smile upon thee, which should be thy delight.
7. Thou shalt not eat candy nor chew gum in my chapel, for verily I shall punish thee if thou eatest or chewest in my sight.
8. Thou shalt not kill time.
9. Thou shalt not cut classes.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy classmate's hobble, for verily she cannot run when she sees me coming.

A Sonnet

The sun is sinking 'neath the shade,
Pierced by his slanting beams through storm clouds gray;
The last faint clinging, misty rain cloud fay
Weeps for the glory that ere long must fade.

The hills in dim-bright splendor have obeyed
The Master Hand that will not bear their "nay,"
Like some old steel engraving brought to day
And glistening in strange sunlight all arrayed.

Thou Master Painter, who hast made the scene
In beauteous splendor triumph after pain,
Take thou my life; when thou hast made it clean
With tempests and with weeping's heavy rain,
Touch it with heavenly glory, as this e'en
Which, clasping hands with darkness, sinks serene.

LUCILE LAURA CHASE.

The Craven

I.

Yester' evening, bleak and dreary, while I pondered, tired and weary,
Over many a dull and stupid volume of scholastic lore,
While I studied, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
And I heard a gentle rapping—rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis the borrower," I muttered, " tapping at my chamber door;
I will give her nothing more.

II.

" For distinctly I remember she has borrowed since September—
Borrowed from each patient member who has lived upon this floor.
I am weary of this lending; I am tired of always sending
For provisions, and of wending my way down to Tony's store.
I will lend—no, nevermore."


III.

Then I rose up from the Lehnstuhl, that I might perform the painful
Task of telling and of dwelling on the fact I'd lend no more.
But she looked up with such pleading, and said she: " I'm greatly needing
Alcohol to make creamed chicken ere of hunger I do sicken.
Give it me, I do implore."

IV.

Spoke I then in accents chilling, all my frame with anger thrilling:
" You have fed upon my food stuff; alcohol you've had galore;
You continually are preying, though you never think of paying.
Take your foot from off my threshold, take your form from out my door,
And return ye nevermore."

A Night of Terror

HEN I was about sixteen, Texas was a wild State—not full of fierce Indians, but comprising a vast area of forest country, unsettled, except by a few lawless men, most of whom had fled from the other Southern States to hide their identity after committing crime. My mother was rather poor, and a great deal of responsibility rested upon my shoulders. I often rode fifty miles, driving half a dozen mules to a place where I thought they would bring a good price; and often my trips were filled with adventure.

One time, about April, I, with my uncle, was taking a number of fine mules through a thinly populated country. He was only three years my senior, and was no more experienced in buying and selling stock than I. But he was the first to sell a mule.

“Never mind, Jim,” I said, jealously, “you’ll be sorry you have that money yet.”

We rode all the next day after the sale; and as the roads were rough, by night we were very tired. We were hungry, too, and about dusk were glad to see a little house by the side of the road. It was by no means attractive, for the fences were sagging, the yard filled with trash, and only a thin smoke curling out from the chimney kept it from looking utterly desolate. We

were too tired to consider the lawless appearance of the whole surroundings; and as in those days it was customary for travelers to be entertained at any house along the road, we did not hesitate to stop and call: “Hello!” A slovenly woman came to the door. She held a baby on one arm and her stick toothbrush and snuff in the other hand. Her hair was unkempt, her dress dirty, and her eyes seemed to shift uneasily.

“Can you put us up for the night?” Jim asked.

At the sound of his voice, a pack of hounds rushed round the corner of the house at us. They were the fiercest-looking beasts I had ever seen.

After calling them off, the old woman said: “I guess so. You kin git off an’ come in, an’ I’ll ask my old man.”

We did as we were bid, taking care to keep as far away from the dogs as possible.

“You kin lead your mules ‘roun’ t’other side the house, where the barn is, an’ I’ll go with ye.”

When we reached the ramshackle old shed, we saw a rough-looking boy helping his father feed two bony horses. The old man’s face was coarse, and what few upper teeth he had seemed to fold over the lower ones; and that, with his touseled hair, made him look unusually fierce.

"The gents wants us to put 'em up fer the night."

"Wall, I guess so," said the old man, spitting a volley of tobacco juice at a cricket that had just begun his nightly serenade; "an' I'll give your mules a place in the barn."

After thanking him, we started for the house. It was a rude shanty of two rooms, with a loft overhead, in the floor of which were huge cracks. We could look through these cracks and plainly see and hear everything that was going on below. The fireplace of the one living room was made of a mixture of clay and mud, dried first by the sun and then by the fire, and contained a great burning log. This at least looked cheerful, for in Texas, after a "norther," a fire is very comfortable, even in April and May.

We sat around this fireplace talking to the old man about "the craps" and the weather until the woman told us to come in to supper. And what a supper it was! Water corn bread, a mixture of meal and water baked, and soup of greasy hot water, with a piece of fat bacon floating on its surface! We had been riding all day and were tired and hungry, but we could hardly eat a mouthful. To be sure, everything looked passingly clean except the people themselves, but we could not eat much.

After supper, the man told his son to show us where we were to sleep. "I know ye must be tired after drivin' so many mules so fur," he said.

So the young man showed us to the loft without a word. To reach the loft we had to go into the "liv-

ing room" from the combination "dining room and kitchen" and ascend a homemade ladder.

We prepared for bed, wondering if the whole family was to sleep in the one room below us. We peeped through one of the cracks and saw them all huddled around the fireplace and talking in low tones.

"I don't like the looks of things," Jim whispered.

"Nor I, either."

So we listened closely to catch the drift of the low-toned conversation below us. At last we heard the old man say: "Kill 'em both. It's worth it." We stood still, with our eyes glued to the party below us and our hearts pounding with fear.

"We've fallen into a gang of robbers and murderers!" Jim gasped.

"I hate to have ye kill the youngest un," the old woman answered; and I, being the younger of the two, breathed a little more freely.

"What hideous crime are they planning?" Jim whispered. "They know I have money and the mules will bring them a goodly sum. I thought they meant mischief from the first. What shall we do?"

"Listen!" I answered, dryly.

"Kill 'em both," repeated the old man; and, turning to his son: "You kill 'em, an' I'll do the rest."

So our fate was sealed. The words sent a cold chill down my back.

"This is terrible! But how can we escape?" I asked. "There is only one way to get down, and that is through their room; and even if we should get through without waking them, the dogs would give the alarm."

So there was nothing to do but wait minute by minute. The voices below us were indistinguishable after this, and we supposed that they were planning the detail of their crime.

As we had no weapons, we pulled off our heavy leather boots, resolved to fight till the last and die game. We sat on the side of the bed fully dressed, with the exception of our boots, which we held in readiness to brain the first comer. Through the endless minutes of the night we did not change our position, and each minute seemed a day of dreadful torture.

At last—about four o'clock, I should judge—we heard some one stirring below us; and then whoever it was began to ascend the steps. Our time had come. We lay out across the bed, pretending to be asleep, but with every nerve tense. As the man reached the top, we heard something scrape across the floor, as if a heavy ax was being pulled for a moment across the bare boards. Then we heard the descending steps. Had the young man's heart failed him at the last moment?

We lay there for about half an hour, listening with bated breath for returning footsteps.

"This is our only chance," Jim said at last.

So we arose, and, putting on our boots, we went below. Every one in the house, except the baby, was dressed and out of the room; and we went out the front door without being molested and on to the stable, resolved to go at once with our mules and our heads. The dogs rushed at us, but the old man, hearing the clamor and barking, came to the stable door and called them off.

"Good mornin'! Rest well last night?" he asked.

"Yes, very, thank you," Jim answered, under the keen, scrutinizing look of the old man.

We saw our mules being fed on the man's best hay, and wondered.

"Why shouldn't he feed them well, when he expects them to be his own?" I whispered.

"We were just about ready to start, and thought we'd come for our mules and thank you for your hospitality," Jim said. "We did not expect you to feed them."

"Goin' 'fore breakfas'? No, indeed, ye ain't. There ain't no man ever leaves Jack Sawyer's place 'fore breakfas'," he said, with what I judged to be the most evil and cunning grin I had ever seen.

"Nor after, either," I added, to myself.

We insisted that we must go ahead, but he persistently refused to hear of it till there was nothing for us to do but to return to the house.

The old woman met us halfway, stating that breakfast was ready. With sinking heart, we washed just outside the door and entered the back way. The table was graced with two perfectly browned fried chickens. The family, I am sure, wondered why Jim and I cast sheepish looks at each other while complimenting the woman so on her kindness in giving us spring chicken so early in the season.

"Yes," put in the old man, "I told 'er you'd be hungry an' she'd better kill 'em both."

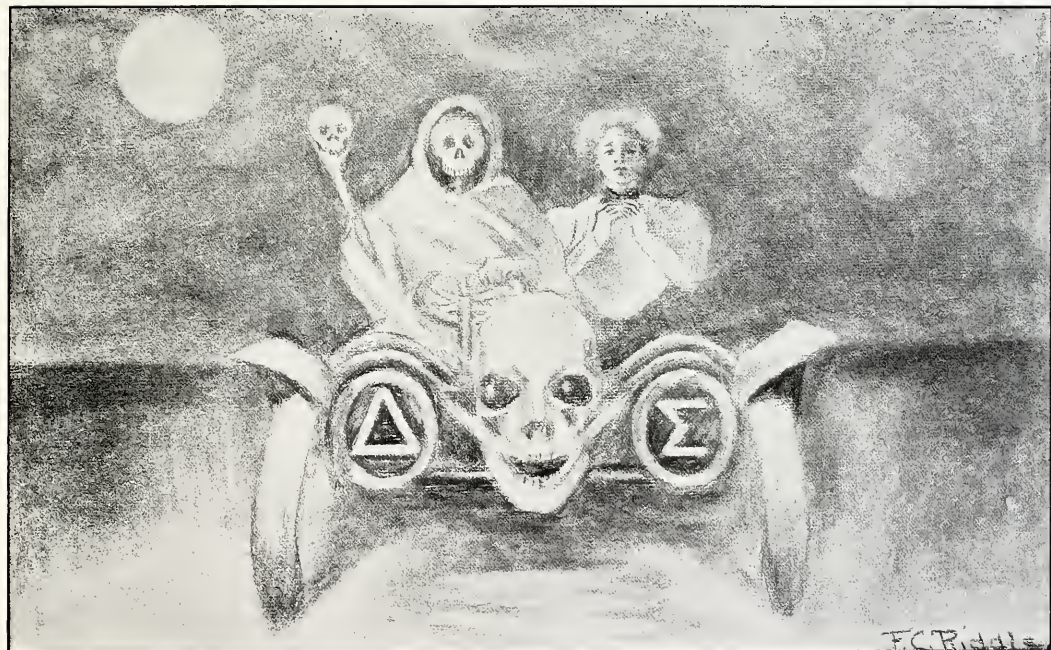












Delta Sigma Sorority

FOUNDED 1894, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Colors: Light Blue and Royal Purple

Motto: "Dum Vivimus, Vivamus"

Flower: Violet

Roll of 1910 - 1911

SALLIE BAIN	JAMIE BASS	ORLEAN BASS	MINNIE CRAWFORD	HAZEL DEAN	MARY LUCY FUGATE
	MYRTLE FUGATE			PENELOPE MARTIN	
	LILLIAN GLENN			REBECCA O'NEAL	
	KATHRYN HILL			ALICE RADFORD	
FRANCES PENDLETON	FANNEIL SKEEN	LILLIAN TIDNAM	RUTH WEBSTER	MOLLIE WILSON	JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

Sorores in Urbe

MISS MARGARET McDONALD

MRS. JOHNSON ERANSFORD

MRS. O'BRYAN WASHINGTON

MRS. RICHARD DAKE

MRS. J. E. GARNER



SALLIE
BAIN



HAZEL DERR



CATHERINE
HILL



MOLLIE
WILSON



MARY ANN
ELGATE



RUTH
WEBSTER



ORLENE
BASS



MINNIE CRAWFORD



MYRTLE ELGATE



FANNIE
GREEN



JOSEPHINE
JOHNSON



PENELOPE
MARTIN



FRANCES
PENDLETON



ALICE
RADFORD



LILLIAN
TUMAN

KAPPA DELTA DELTA



Kappa Delta Delta Sorority

Colors: Red and White

Flower: American Beauty Rose

Members

KATE ECHOUS	FLORA MAI BRIDEWELL	LUCILE LIMERICK
HELOISE HICKERSON	VIRGINIA MCDEARMON	
	ADA CURTIS ETHEL ROSS	
DORRIS PHILLIPS	ESTHER WALTON	
LOUISE WARTEN	KATHLEEN WILLIAMS	MATSIE WARTEN

Honorary Members

LOUISA MOORE

MARY LOVING WRIGHT

MISS SIMPSON



ADA CURTIS



KATHY PHILLIPS



HELOISE
CROZIER



LILLIAN
TAYLOR



VIRGINIA
NEWMAN



JENNIE
PHILLIPS



EVELYN



LOUISE



MARY



ALICE
WHEELER



EVELYN



MARY

KAPPA
DELTA
DELTA

The Argonauts

FOUNDED FEBRUARY 23, 1903

Colors: Purple and Gold

Flower: Iris

Motto: "Honor binds us"

Active Members

MARY AVENT
FRANCES BARTHELL MARGARET BRANSFORD
EVELYN DOUGLAS MARY DANFORTH
ELIZABETH GRAY EVA HAGAN
EUNICE JACKSON

MARY LEWIS
SARA MANIER JULIA MORGAN JEAN MORGAN
LAVINIA PICTOR FLORENCE CARR RIDDLE
LOUISE TILLMAN ELLEN WALLACE
HARRIET WALTON

EMMA BAXTER VAUGHN

Honorary Member

MRS. J. B. WHAREY

Sorores ex Seminario

EMMA MORROW ANDERSON
ELIZABETH STOKES BUFORD
ANNA RUSSELL COLE

MARY FREDERICK DEARBORN

MARY TAYLOR GWATHMEY

MRS. EUGENE JONES

MARY LINDA MANIER

ELSA MCGILL

ELIZABETH OVERTON

NELLA PATTERSON

LOUISE PRITCHETT

ELIZABETH RHODES

WILLOUISE SCRUGGS

VALERIE TRUDEAU

MRS. FREDERICK LINDSLEY

SUE HOUSTON ANDERSON

SARAH BERRY

JULIA CHESTER

MARY BROWN EVE

CHRISTINE GLENN

MRS. LUKE LEA

HARRIET MASON

ANNA BLANTON

MARY DIBRELL

NELL FALL

ELIZABETH HAIL

MARTHA LIPSCOMB

FRANCES MCLESTER

AMELIA MCLESTER

MARY GOFF PALMER

MRS. STEWART FILCHER

ADELE RAYMOND

HENRIETTA RICHARDSON

MRS. K. WARD SMITH

MRS. R. M. WHALING

MRS. ANDERSON

AGNES AMIS

KATHERINE EDWARDS

MRS. GEORGE A. FRAZER

MARY DEMOVILLE HILL

LAURA MALONE

ALICE STOCKELL

ELIZABETH THOMPSON

MRS. DOUGLASS WRIGHT

ELIZABETH ZARECOR

JESSIE SMITH

MARY TILLMAN

LUCY TILLMAN

MARGARET YARBROUGH



THUSS



THE ARGONAUTS







Kappa Omicron Alpha

ESTABLISHED IN 1904

Officers

SADIE ALLEN

IRIS BRANDEAU

LOUISE SMITH

MARGARET BIRD

President

Vice President

Secretary

Treasurer

Members

ALBERTA BRANDEAU

MILDRED WELLS

ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY

EUGENE EVERETT

IRIS BRANDEAU

BIRDIE FLEMIN

CORA ROBERTS

BROOKE SCOTT

SADIE ALLEN

EDITH RICKMAN

MARGARET BIRD

MARGUERITE RUDOLPH

LOUISE SMITH

Beta Chapter: Grove City College, Pennsylvania

Gamma Chapter: Indianapolis, Indiana



CHARLES W. L.

WILLIAM W. L.

ELLEN W. L.

MARGARET LIND

BROOKS SCOTT

MILDRED WELLS

ELLEN W. L.

ALBERT W. L.

MARGARET LIND

EUGENE EVERETT

ELLEN W. L.

CHARLES W. L.

CHARLES W. L.

KAPPA OMICRON ALPHA







Phi Delta Tau Sorority

Colors: Black and Gold

Flower: Marechal Niel Rose

Members

MARY ANDREWS, Kentucky
JANE METCALF, Mississippi
MAYBELLE ROBERTSON, Texas
FERN DALE COLLINS, Oklahoma
STELLA LEE RUTHERFORD, Kentucky
MARY DALE ROBERTSON, Arkansas
LULA MAY DAVIDSON, Kentucky
KATHLEEN GABBERT, Mississippi
MYNOR SLEDGE, Mississippi
MARY JO LAZARUS, Kentucky
VANCE BOGLE, Tennessee
MARTHA ZIEGLER, Illinois
VERA LINCOLN, Michigan
MABEL RAINEY, Alabama
ALINE PERRY, Georgia
RUTH TRIGG, Alabama
ALINE RHODE, Texas



MARY
ANDREWS



MAE LLE
ROBERTSON



VERNA
LINCOLN



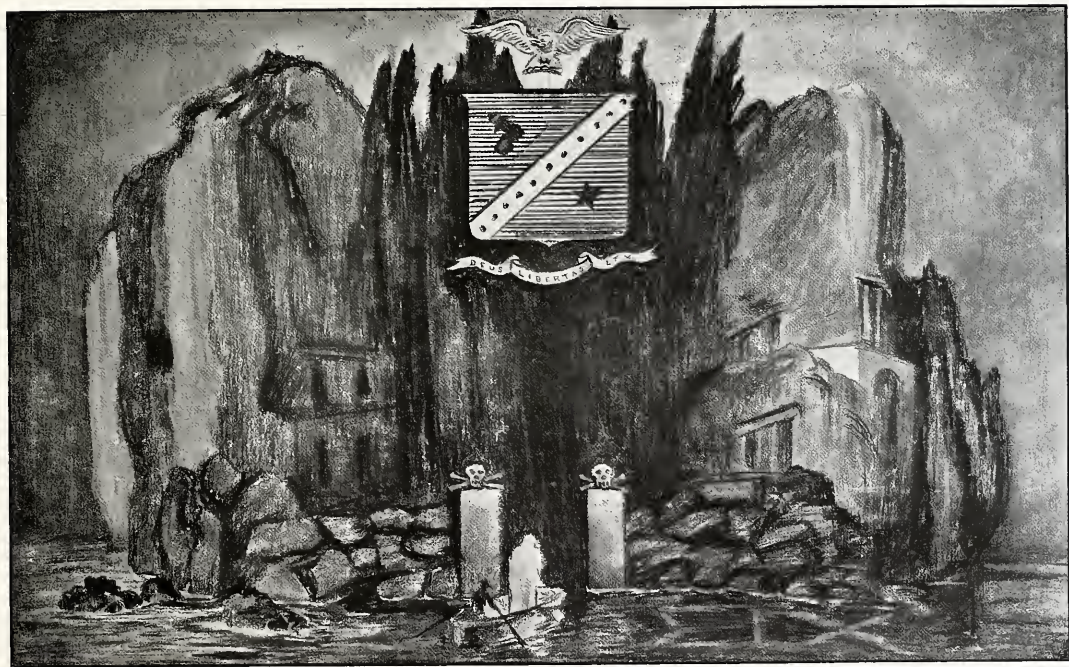
RUTH
TRICE



PHI DELTA TAU







Gamma Chapter of Sigma Iota Chi

Colors: Purple and Gold

"Motto: Deus, libertas, lex"

Flower: Violet

Chapter Roll

Alpha: St. James-Xavier College, Alexandria, La.

Delta: Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio

Theta: Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.

Kappa: Hagerman College, Lexington, Ky.

Mu: Crescent College, Eureka Springs, Ark.

Gamma: Ward Seminary, Nashville, Tenn.

Zeta: Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.

Iota: Virginia College, Roanoke, Va.

Lambda: Gunston Hall, Washington, D. C.

Nu: Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.

Alpha Gamma: Alumnae Club, Nashville, Tenn.

Class Roll of 1910 - 1911

CLASS 1911

MILBREY KEITH MARIE HARWELL HAZEL DEAN LOUISE WITHERSPOON

CLASS 1912

MARIE HOWE MARY WITHERSPOON JEAN RIDDLE EMMA FRIZZELL
MARIE THOMAS WARNER LELAND RANKIN MAMIE DUNCAN

CLASS 1913

FRANCES STREET VIRGINIA FOLK ANNIE LAURA CAMPBELL HELEN BARHAM KATE SAVAGE

CLASS 1914

LAURA FITE MARGARET RANSOM FERDINA SPERRY LINDA RHEA

SPECIALS

VIRGINIA WOOLWINE LUCY WILKIN KIRKPATRICK CORINNE WADDEY HENRIETTA SPERRY MARY CLIFTON ROBERTS
MISS LEAVELL, Honorary Member

Sorores in Urbe

SARAH ROBERTSON
POLLY GRIGSBY BESSIE LEE SPERRY
HELEN HUNT MARGARET WARNER
LOUISE RHEA LOUISE STUBBLEFIELD
LOUISE BENNETT JENNIE D. WORKE
MARGARET HOYTE NELLIE WAGOEY
MRS. VAUGHN BLAKE JANIE BARHAM
SARAH LOUISE RHODES MRS. JOHN KNOX
MARY HAMILTON LOVE
GEORGIA HUME
MRS. CHAS. A. MOORE, JR.
ANNA EASTMAN SARAH PATTERSON
MARY CORNELIA GIBSON ZARA CHAPMAN
RACHEL HOWELL MILORED PHELPS
NELLIE KING RIDDLE MILORED BUFORD
HELEN WILSON MRS. GEORGE F. ARCHER
PATTIE CALHOUN LESLIE NELSON SAVAGE
PORTIA SAVAGE ELEANOR LOVE
MARY LEE CROCKETT



SIGMA IOTA CHI









Beta Chi Omega

Colors: Red and White

Motto: "Loyal one to another"

Flower: Red Carnation

Sorores in Urbe

MARINET BEASLEY
LUCILE ALLEN HELEN BEASLEY
HELEN CHAPPELL RUTH CRUTCHER
SARAH GOODPASTURE GRACE HAYES
JESSIE HEARN LENA HICKS LAURA MCBRIDE
ANNETTE NELSON LUCILE PAGE
HAZEL PAGE ELEANOR POTTS
OLIVE WIGGINS FLAVIA WIGGINS
NANCY LEAWRIGHT

Class Roll 1910-1911

CLASS OF 1911

SUE HOLMES SUE TURNER

CLASS OF 1913

LILLIAN DOBSON FRANCES DORRIS BERTHA HERBERT
MARGARET CREIGHTON MILDRED THORNTON

HONORARY MEMBER

MISS LAURA SHEPPE

CLASS OF 1912

ROBERTA DILLON EUNICE DUNBAR
FRANCES BOND CURRIER THORNTON

CLASS OF 1914

FRANCES CHEELEY

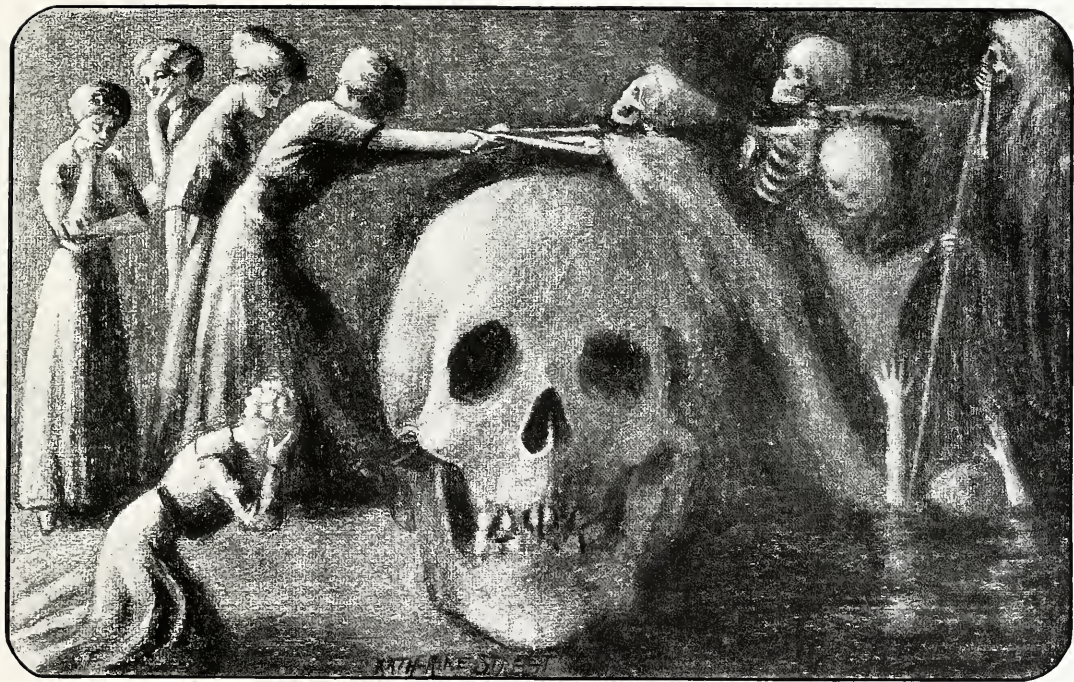
IRREGULARS

EDITH BENNIE SARAH HERBERT
WILLIE RUTH DAVIDSON SUSIE WEARLEY



BETA CHI OMEGA





Delta Phi Kappa

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

(FOUNDED 1906)

Colors: Gold and Blue

Flower: Forget-me-not

Sorores ex Seminario

WILHELMINA LITTERER	MRS. WILSON	ELIZABETH CREIGHTON
MRS. WM. C. PETTY		ELIZABETH CAMPBELL
MARION HENDERSON		ROSALIE LITTERER
MRS. TOM G. MOORE		GEORGIA BRENNECKE
MARGARET JONNARD		MARY LOUISE CROSWELL
MRS. EOWIN A. SAYERO	MARTHA WEATHERLY	MRS. TOM DEMOSS
	MARGARET WARNER	MARY PATTERSON
	MARY RANSOM	WILLIE NAPIER
MARIE ROUSER		LOUISE DUDLEY
MRS. ALLEN ODELL		BENTIE THOMAS
JANIE SCHARDT	GAY KING	JANIE SANDERS

Roll of 1911

SUSIE MAI BEASLEY
ANNIE PAULK REBECCA DUDLEY
LINNIE TUCKER VENITA WEAKLEY
ELIZABETH HARRISON KATHERINE STREET
EVIE HUME NEELEY WINNIE CRAWFORD
CLARA LOUISE HAILEY AVALYN COLEMAN
MISS OLIVE CARTER ROSS, Honorary Member

THUSS



DELTA PHI KAPPA

Phi Chapter of the Sigma Phi Kappa Sorority

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Colors: Blue and Gold

Motto: "Our school and each other"

Flower: Violet

Officers

MARY LINDA HARRIS
CHRISTINE CARVER
LERON TOLMIE
FREDa MARSHALL
CORA LEE WADDLE

President
Vice President
Secretary
Corresponding Secretary
Treasurer

Roll of 1910-1911

MARY D. ALLEN ERNA BACON
MURRIE BOUCHARD CHRISTINE CARVER
HELEN CHATHAM MARY LINDA HARRIS
MUSETTE HOOVER LERON TOLMIE
ELIZABETH HORN FREDa MARSHALL
MARY CECILE JOHNS MAGDALENE VORBERG
CORINNE ALEXINE RICH CORA LEE WADDLE
MRS. FRITZ SCHMITZ, Honorary Member

Sorores ex Urbe

LOU EVANS
LUCILE LAURA CHASE
ALICE FICKLIN

ATHA WHITE
EDNA EARLE KAVANAUGH
KATHLEEN MANSFIELD





SIGMA PHI KAPPA



Delta Phi Sigma





Beta Chapter of the Delta Phi Sigma Sorority

Colors: Purple and White

Flower: Violet

Members

KATHRYN ELOISE CHANDLER
GLADYS ISABELLE GAUNT
NELLIE AMANDA LOCKARD
FLORA MARGARET PETTIT
MARY LUCILE LOCKARD

CARO ELIZABETH FOSTER
ETHEL GRACE GAUNT
MARY BRANK GIVENS
CORA AELISE PALMER
MARY CARTER STILLEY

Alpha Chapter: Sullins College, Va.



CARO
FOSTER



GRACE GAUNT



FLORENCE PETTET



GLADYS GAUNT



VERA PALMER



MARY GIVENS



NELLIE LOCKARD



MARY STILLE

DELTA PHI SIGMA

Miscellaneous Department



DID YOU EVER HEAR
THIS BEFORE

?

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to 'Ward's,' kind sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Not on your life—you're a man," she said.



The Work is Done

Our school is done, and the students,
Worn with the cares of the day,
Like a tribe of warriors defeated,
Wander their separate ways.

I see the lights of the Tulane
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of gladness comes o'er me
That my tongue cannot resist—

A feeling of joy and gladness
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles merriment only,
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me my Latin,
And prepare me for the "test;"
Troubles shall soothe this feeling,
And put my soul to rest.

Not from the helpful ponies,
Not from the papers old,
Whose mistakes stare at us
Like the things Miss McDuffie told.

For, like strains of martial music,
Her mighty thoughts suggest
Ablative of accompaniment
And many another pest.

Work my Algebra also,
And explain things as you go;
For if I cannot work it,
Miss Sheppe is sure to know.

I, through long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease,
Still think of my lesson in music,
And how I ought to please.

Then reach from out treasurer's volume
The story of thy choice,
And lend the words of McClutcheon
The music of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with fancies
That you are the heroine of old,
And he is also the hero,
And it turns out as another told.

Who is the brightest girl in school?

Shine.

Who is the gloomiest girl in school?

Rainey.

Who is the most appetizing girl in school?

Bacon.

Who is at the head of the school?

Leader.

Who is the burden of our school?

Bain.

Who is the tool of our school?

Sledge.

Who makes the best salad in school?

Waldhoff.

Who is the most generous girl in school?

Givens.

Who is the swiftest girl in school?

Bird.

Who is the best carpenter in school?

Carver.

What girl is a good building sight?

Street.

Who is the best fish in school?

Bass.

Who makes fishing a profession?

Fisher.

Who is authority on dictionary in school?

Webster.

Who will never grow old?

Young.

Who is the most fiery girl in school?

Sparks.

Who is never satisfied?

Moore.

Who is continually grinding corn?

Miller.

Who insists on taking exercise?

Walker.

Who is the best novelist?

Scott.

Who is the most noiseless girl?

Stilley.

Who always tries to prevent trouble?

Warner.

Who is the best singer in school?

Jennie Lind.

Who is the fiercest girl in school?

Savage.

Who is the most renowned girl in school?

Lincoln.

Who is the most unruly girl in school?

Fite.

Who is the most aristocratic girl in school?

Barron.

What is the eternal question in school?

Howe.

Don'ts

Don't rely too much on an intelligent expression. You may be called on.

Don't call every one "perfectly lovely" or "a perfect pill." Sometimes the *media via* is better.

Don't feel obliged to snub the plain, prim girl. She may have a brother.

Don't steal butter on Sunday night. You might be asked to lead in prayer at Y. W. C. A.

Don't fail to say, "Not prepared," if you don't enjoy reciting in Math. This method may save you much embarrassment, strengthen your character, and cause you to grow independent of earthly wisdom.

Don't hesitate to walk off with Lit. reference books. Miss Ross doesn't mind.

Don't wear a diamond smaller than an alarm clock.

Don't wear a hobble to school. You might find some difficulty in getting out of the way of Miss Jennings.

Don't study too hard on Cæsar. It is an interesting novel, and one that can be read with pleasure and profit the second time.

Don't get discouraged after waiting two hours for a chaperon to Ward Place. You just imagine you are tired.

Celebrated Proverbs

Discretion is the better part of bluffing.

The early girl catches the bath tub.

Don't count your "S's" before you make them.

If Vanderbilt students entice thee, consent thou not.

Wash your hair while the sun shines on the roof garden.

Spare the dictionary and spoil the girls.

Refusal to an Invitation

MY DEAR MRS. HOSSEPITABLE:

Thanks awfully, but I can't come. My roommate borrowed by new hobble and spilled hot chocolate on it in at Skalowsky's. I haven't money to get my new dress from Mrs. Bumpus, and I won't be seen in that Foulard again; people will think I sleep in it. I can't find my pony coat, and the girl across the hall wore my best hat in the Thursday storm. I've borrowed from every girl my size on this hall, and Miss Pain won't let me overdraw. Please ask me again when my credit is better.

Very remorsefully, GERTRUDE.

Letter Home

DEAR FATHER:

I have just received your letter, and enjoyed it more than any letter I have gotten since I have been at Ward's. I have just paid my book bill, and it was enormous. Books do cost so much, and I have such a heavy course. You know, I am studying Voice, German, and Physical Culture. All my teachers like me very much. You told

me not to spend my money on the theater, so I have only been to a few—namely, "The Girl in the Taxy," "Madame Sherry," "St. Elmo," "The Rosary," etc. All these are a literal education in themselves. Dr. Blanton simply made us go. You have only sent me \$50 this month—so little compared to what my roommate gets. Do please send me an extra \$25.

Your loving daughter, JANE.

Regrets

MY DEAR JACK:

I am so sorry, but I can't possibly see you Friday night. Mrs. Blanton has made numerous inquiries about your pedigree, but she can't get any farther back than your great-grandfather, whom she has discovered was the President of the United States; but you know how families do deteriorate. She says she knew one of your second cousins, who eloped with a girl whose father was just a cashier of a bank. So she doesn't think you should be encouraged. If possible, please get your pedigree written out in full; for I do want to see you, dear old Jack.

Tearfully yours, KATE.



SENIOR TAKE OFF



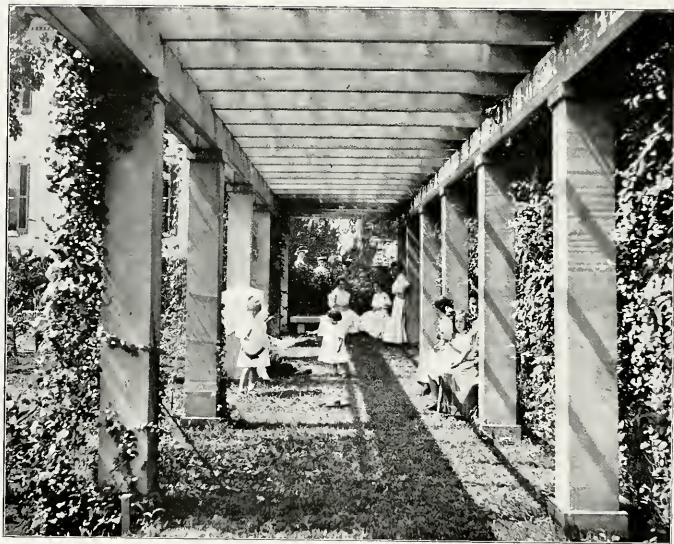
WARD PLACE—MAIN ENTRANCE



WARD PLACE—APPROACH FROM SOUTHWEST



WARD PLACE—THE WEST PORCH



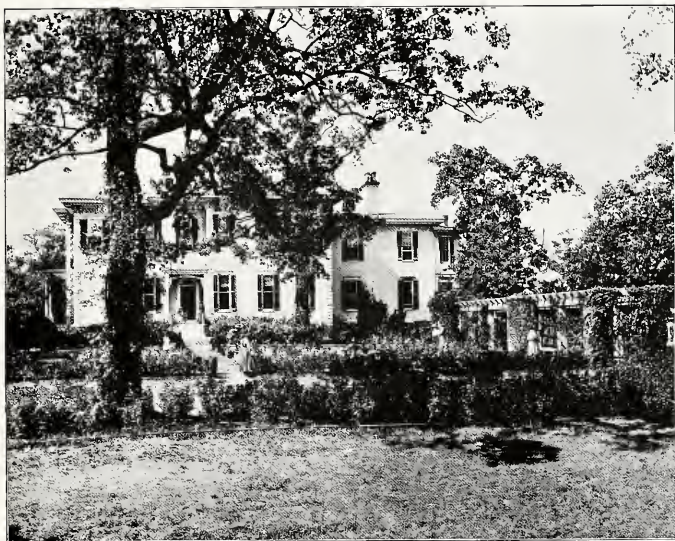
WARD PLACE—THE PERGOLA



WARD PLACE—DRIVEWAY AND FLOWER GARDEN



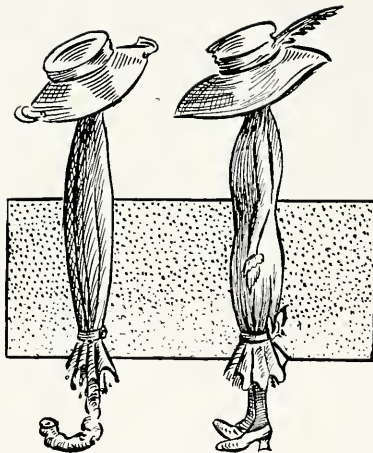
WARD PLACE—THE DRIVEWAY



WARD PLACE—FLOWER GARDEN AND PERGOLA

IS THIS

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THE END

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Booth, A., & Co.
Branham & Hall.
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Calhoun, Geo. R., & Co.
Calvert Brothers.
Coleman, Tompkins & Co.
Conibear, C. E., Piano Co.
Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Co., The.
Davie Printing Co.
Decker.
DeMerville Drug Co.
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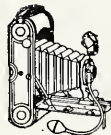
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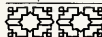
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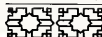
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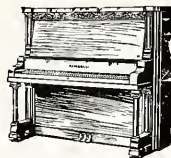
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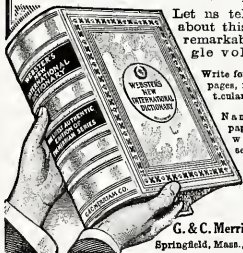
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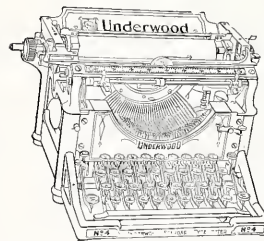
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